

THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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Contents of No. LXV.

A Thanksgiving Greeting,	283	REVIEWS:	
Shall Women Vote?	283	Mr. Charles Reade's Masterpiece of Pla-	
The Jewel Will Case,	284	giary,	289
Hells for Congress,	284	Sunnybank,	290
The Turkey Carnival,	285	Kissing the Rod,	291
A Social Favorite,	285	The Sanctuary,	291
Periodicals &c. Books,	286	Poems, by Jean Ingelow,	291
CORRESPONDENCE:		BOOKS RECEIVED,	291
London,	287	LITERARIANA,	291
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		PERSONAL,	292
The Authorship of Junius,	288	ANNOUNCEMENTS,	293
Swinnerton and Aldrich,	288	NOTES AND QUERIES,	293
The People's English,	288		

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

A THANKSGIVING GREETING.

THEIR present issue appears on the day which has been set apart as one of Thanksgiving, and the conductors deem it a fitting occasion, while offering a cordial greeting to their readers, to the public, and to their contemporaries of the press, to offer a few words of explanation and of promise regarding the past and future career of this journal. A season of general festivity and kindness, coinciding as it does with recent changes, furnishes them with an opportunity—the more pleasant that it is their first one—of directly explaining the views and projects which constitute the grounds for their hope of lasting prosperity and, as they trust, justify their appeal to the educated classes for extended support. They find that, from various causes, an idea has become somewhat widely prevalent that this paper lives but to destroy—that it has been a species of Ishmael among journals, striking at all things and provoking assaults in return, with a view to thrive by the unenviable notoriety thus obtained rather than by the more legitimate means which pertain to its ostensible character and aims. Now, whether justly or unjustly earned, the conductors are not ambitious to perpetrate such a reputation. Bold discussion of current topics and sharp criticism of current literature they consider quite proper in a review of this nature, and they are probably essential to its success. To be too conventional, didactic, and reticent, more especially in a community like our own, is for such papers, as has been repeatedly shown by experience, to invite defeat. Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that the success of such papers must depend in a great measure upon their spirit and vivacity. Could one be imagined so constructed as never to be obnoxious to the strictest canons of a scholarly and fastidious taste, it would almost inevitably fail. The community is such that it will forgive anything sooner than dullness. But the credit of a journal, and its consequent influence for good, are undoubtedly imperiled if, from a natural anxiety to avoid the latter objectionable feature, it stumbles upon those of exaggeration or unwholesome bitterness. Some have attributed just this mischance to *THE ROUND TABLE*; with what justice it were neither graceful nor profitable here to discuss. Suffice it to say, that while they have every respect for a rectitude of intention which the most inimical cannot justly deny to their predecessors, and while they shrink from no heritage of disesteem which may fairly devolve upon themselves, the present conductors are fully alive to the responsibilities of their charge and entirely disposed to be instructed by past experience. It is quite impossible for anything in the shape of ephemeral literature to be altogether free from mistakes; but if they may judge their own motives and consciences, it is the desire and the purpose of those who now direct this paper to make it one which every honorable man can read without distaste, and every pure-minded woman without a blush; to make it, however opinions may occasionally differ as to its views, the welcome visitor to every cultivated fireside; and to make it in the most catholic sense the advocate of all that is pure, progressive, and ennobling in American society and American literature.

As all connected with *THE ROUND TABLE* are native born and native bred, it is natural that they should seek to make the paper distinctly a national one, and such is in fact the case. American subjects and American books, as well as American works of art, will, therefore, receive when possible a preferential attention. This policy, it is thought, will attract general approval. It will at the same time be conceded that authentic and graphic information from so great a center as London will always be gladly received; and the readers of this paper will enjoy in the letters of its regular correspondent in that city the fruits of scholarship, experience, and facility, united with unusual opportunities, in a degree which have never been excelled, if they have been equaled, by any individual in a similar position. Further arrangements have been effected or are now in progress to secure the aid of some of the ablest living writers of both countries; and the conductors entertain the belief that within a year good judges will agree that the paper has attained a standard far higher than has yet been reached in this country and not much below that of the best weekly reviews ever published elsewhere. Various improvements are contemplated, some of which will be carried into effect with the New Year; and as some which have been recently made have been cordially recognized, it is hoped that subscribers and advertisers will come forward liberally to do their parts towards building up an enterprise which is, from its character and the exigencies of the times, a very costly one. Increased support is openly and earnestly solicited; but the opinion which is sometimes candidly, sometimes invidiously expressed that our public will not maintain sheets of this character, is substantially rebutted by the actual

circulation of *THE ROUND TABLE* to-day; a fact which parties who will make application on any better ground than that of mere idle curiosity may by seeing its books fully attest. The conductors trust that gentlemen of the publishing trade—who are in so large a degree the sustainers of such a paper—will appreciate a determination to treat all books in a spirit of thorough impartiality, which is in the long run the most favorable course for their interests, however in some instances it may be temporarily distasteful. The reviewing department will shortly be expanded so as to include a greater number of new publications, and to present, as far as possible, a complete current synopsis of the American trade. And now, with these brief remarks and suggestions, the conductors tender to all their countrymen, readers, brethren of the press, and the public—Northerners and Southerners, Democrats and Republicans—"with malice towards none, and charity towards all," a kindly greeting and a hearty wish that they may all enjoy a plentiful and jocund Thanksgiving.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

MOST men dislike the very sound of the words "women's rights," which is proof presumptive that they ought to be obliged to hear them. No partisanship, social, political, or theological, which fretfully shrinks from full and open discussion of its own merits can escape the suspicion of unsoundness or injustice. It is true that a great many men hate a given subject merely because they hate the trouble of thinking about it; but their moral attitude is not much better than that of those who conceive that by simply shutting their ears to argument they will be able to keep something which they have no right to withhold. The question of women's rights can never be tided over by either of these expedients any more than the question of abolition was. Whatever our individual opinions, it is the part of wisdom to strive rather to see the future as it will be than as we would have it to be. Emancipation was not prevented by the fact that we were able to laugh at some of its advocates because they had long hair, ate brown bread, or talked through their noses; and women's rights, whatever the phrase may cover, will hardly be materially retarded because some of the women who are brave enough to come forward and claim them have corkscrew curls, red noses, squeaky voices, or other attributes which make them to unfeeling eyes appear ridiculous.

The subject of women's rights will have to be taken up sooner or later in this country, and dealt with seriously, thoroughly, and justly. We cannot, if we would, escape it. Conventional thinkers, preachers, and presses will, of course, hold out against the discussion, and will employ alternately the weapons of ridicule, neglect, and persecution to stifle and extirpate it. But this will be of little avail. The agitation has been commenced; it is carried on in public meetings, of which we get reports more or less absurd, but always indicative of progress; it is advocated by some very thoughtful heads and by some very able pens, and it is the subject of anxious consideration by many a fireside in thousands of little nooks and corners all over the land. We may as well make up our minds first as last that the women's rights question can neither be crushed out nor laughed down. Can it be argued down? We cannot tell; but we may be very sure that, if put down at all, it will be by this means, and not by any other. Now, it is extremely difficult to find arguments which cannot readily be disposed of as frivolous and vexatious against granting women the suffrage. Whether it be a right or a privilege, why should educated and intelligent American ladies be debarred from that which the hod-carrier who visits Biddy in her kitchen now enjoys, or which Sambo, who cleans the boots, is to have next year? Is it because the hod-carrier and Sambo are better judges of the principles of political economy, or because their moral sense is so much nicer—so sensitively superior—that they are more likely to wield their power for the public benefit?

These questions are manifestly absurd and unanswerable. The truth is, there are a great many weighty reasons against manhood suffrage; but manhood suffrage once conceded, it is next to impossible to find valid reasons against universal suffrage. When we think of the unwashed and degraded mob, in all sections and of all colors and odors, now and hereafter to control the policy and destiny of this mag-

nificent country, and remember the millions of refined and thoughtful women who are absolutely without voice in the matter, it is idle to assume that our system is what it should be or what it might be. We claim to be in some sort the organ of the unrepresented classes, and, so far as any efforts of ours can cause this much ridiculed and most important topic to be gravely investigated and considered, we are well disposed to give them. The arguments of the lamented Mrs. John Stuart Mill, who was scarcely less gifted than is her illustrious husband, and which may be found in the collection of his miscellaneous writings, deserve, in this connection, to receive profound attention. It may well happen, after all said and done, that the best corrective for the evils of ultra-extensive suffrage may be found in the admission of an element which has other good reasons to recommend it. The objections so often urged respecting dangers to domestic tranquillity and the feminine surroundings of the polling-booth, which would militate against obvious advantages, are in a considerable degree superficial, and probably quite surmountable; and the plea of unfitness may surely be met by the consideration that it would scarcely be possible to find so many women intellectually or morally disqualified as there are now men in the country who cast votes without challenge.

If the best form of human government is adjudged to be that which nearest approaches the type of the divine, the feminine complement can assuredly be shown to be essential to its unity and perfection. The justice of the ideal man tempered by the mercy of the ideal woman must compose something higher than either constituent without the other can be hoped to attain. We cannot justly affirm that cruelty, passion, dishonesty, or any of the worst products of either the tyrant spirit or the mob spirit are more likely to exist in the tender sex than the other. Female sovereigns have notoriously been above the average, both in wisdom and clemency, and why women should collectively be worse than they are individually it is not easy to perceive. A nation which tolerates polygamy is in no fair position to refuse to at least listen to arguments in behalf of female suffrage. Whatever evils might arise from its concession, we have no fear that sending from among their own sex representatives who should be prototypes of the blacklegs and pugilists sent by the other would be among the number. Even a Congress half composed of women, visionary and absurd as such a thing may at first sight appear, would not, to our thinking, be either less upright or less dignified than those to which we have unhappily been accustomed. We have not managed so remarkably well as to justify our refusal to give the friends of female suffrage a respectful hearing. Let them have a fair field, then, and—if their countrymen are so ungallant as to insist upon it—no favor. We cannot afford to forget all our late experience, and stranger things have happened than would be the spectacle five years hence of the whilom bitterest foes of feminine enfranchisement coquetting for an alliance with the female vote.

THE JUMEL WILL CASE.

THE Jumel will case narrowly escaped being enrolled in the catalogue of *causes célèbres*. When it was first announced that Madame Jumel had left a will by which she disposed of her large property to several charitable associations—or, as it is called in law, to pious uses—it was generally expected that her heirs would make a strenuous effort to set aside the will; and all who knew the old lady during the last ten years felt morally certain that the heirs would succeed. But charitable associations have never been remarkable for the ease with which they abandon mortuary gifts—indeed, for ages they have seemed to suppose themselves the natural heirs, to a certain extent, of rich people's fortunes—and it was therefore supposed by the bar, as well as by the public in general, that there would be a long, a determined, and an expensive litigation.

The circumstances of the case were peculiar. Madame Jumel was well known to our citizens as an eccentric old lady of vast wealth who lived in retirement at Fort Washington. Her early history was often told by old ladies who remembered her in the flush of her beauty and her fame. They dwelt upon

her captivation of Washington, her marriage with the rich Frenchman, her Parisian career, her subsequent marriage with Burr, her waned beauty, her great riches, and finally her growing eccentricities. And the dear old gossips would dwell fondly but mysteriously on the last-named trait. They would tell with many head-shakings that queer things took place in the old mansion at Fort Washington, and, while more was implied than ever found expression, the listener always went away with the impression that Madame Jumel's intellectual fires had sadly waned.

For ten years her mind had not been sound. During that period the fact was evidenced in a hundred ways. She imagined extensive conspiracies to rob and murder her, and her hallucinations went the length of accusing her relations and friends of being the leaders of the plot. She fancied herself a queen, and organized a guard of household troops whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over her and her mansion by night and day. Sentinels were duly posted, and forced to remain faithfully on their posts till regularly relieved. Her forces were officered, and fully armed, uniformed, and equipped; and her relatives bore with the eccentricities of such fool-play in order to soothe and please her. Her vagaries were no secret in her neighborhood. People cannot turn their houses into fortresses nowadays and keep their reputation for sanity. Even clergymen, when they call upon elderly ladies of their congregation and find themselves challenged by a sentry at the doorway, and in the hall pass through files of fantastically-dressed domestics, on their way to the chamber of their parishioner, would be expected by the exacting spirit of the age to suspect that there was something wrong.

But the Reverend Mr. J. Howard Smith never for a moment suspected the sanity of Madame Jumel. Although he knew her daily life and actions he has sworn that he did not think she was in unsound mind, and we are bound to believe the learned clerk, although the belief obliges us to take a very low estimate of the intelligence of that gentleman. He knew, as all who were acquainted with the family knew, that Madame Jumel had an adopted daughter, and no issue of her own body to inherit her wealth. He knew, too, that the adopted daughter had died and that her children were the only human beings for whom Madame Jumel evinced affection and who reciprocated that feeling. And yet, knowing that, the pious rector coolly plotted for the beggary of this family, and ruthlessly carried out his projects. He cut and carved this large estate, giving to his parish sixteen lots of land and \$70,000 to build a church thereon, thus insuring to himself for life a rich benefice, to himself a modest legacy, to various other institutions moderate sums, and then the whole residue to be divided among the self-same legatees.

By this disposition of the property the family were left penniless, or so nearly so that the learned counsel who opened the case declared they would have about enough to keep them in fire-wood. People were naturally astonished, and we imagine that unless the reverend epidermis of the Fort Washington rector be of more than usual thickness he is himself somewhat astonished by this time. But to the adopted family of the deceased, who had been reared in the promise of inheriting this wealth, to whom it had been promised by word of mouth and in writing a hundred times, the announcement of the will was a terrible blow. They had no legal right to contest the will, for they were but adopted children, and the law gives them no rights. But, luckily for them, the heirs at law of Madame Jumel, although obscure and humble people, and not in holy orders, and not being chartered charities, saw that whatever their legal rights might be their moral rights were subservient to those of the adopted family. They were also well acquainted with the disposition Madame Jumel intended when in her right mind to make of her property, and they very properly and honorably, we think, acquiesced in that intention, and made over their rights as heirs at law to Mr. Nelson Chase, the father of the outraged children. Armed thus with the legal right to protect his household, Mr. Chase awaited with patience the usual proffer of the will, but he waited in vain. The reverend father of the will evi-

dently did not feel that depth of faith in its validity that his testimony on the trial would lead one to suppose. At any rate, whether it arose from timidity, discretion, or modesty, the rector did not attempt to prove the will. Mr. Chase was in possession of the mansion and the broad acres, yet those to whom they were all devised took no steps towards securing them. It was in this way that Mr. Chase was obliged to take the initiative, and bring an action to have the will set aside. Certain issues of fact were framed by the court and sent down to be tried at the circuit by a jury, or, as it would be better expressed in common law English, to be inquired of by the country. This was the action tried on the 12th inst. before Mr. Justice Barnard and a jury, which resulted, as all know, in the declaration by that intelligent body that Madame Jumel was not of sound mind and memory when she made or signed the Reverend Mr. J. Howard Smith's will.

The action was first placed on the day calendar for May last. On that occasion the defendants moved for a continuance to give them time to obtain testimony to prove that the supposed heirs at law were no heirs at all. Their theory was, that Madame Jumel was illegitimate and could have no collateral heirs. These charitable associations, hoping and expecting to get this old lady's money, were deliberately engaged in an attempt to blacken her fame and the fame of the mother who bore her. Oh! Charity, it is said you cover a multitude of sins, but surely your name ought no longer to be linked with men or associations who could stoop to such a crime. But it was on this interlocutory proceeding that the Jumel will case was lost and won. It was here and not at the trial that the battle was fought. We see Mr. O'Connor now, in our mind's eye, as he slowly arose to address the court against the motion. Perfectly calm and emotionless were his features, but on looking into his eyes we saw that his soul was on fire and eager for the fray. Commencing with hesitancy, he gradually grew voluble, and at length arose, in a flash of indignant invective, to absolute eloquence. We cannot produce his words or his tone here, but it was one of those rare master-strokes of oratory that are sure to triumph. Alluding to the proffers of the claimants under the will to compromise, he drew a rapid parallel between the case and the judgment of Solomon. They, said he, are the false mother; they are willing to divide the child. So terrible in its keen brilliancy was this little speech that it effectually killed all attempts to continue the line of defense which denied the rights of the heirs. The counsel for the charitable associations saw that such an attempt would not only end in ruin to their clients' cause, but would also bankrupt their reputation. They fought after that episode for delay, and in the hopes of compromise, but there was no such word as compromise in the mind of the leading counsel for the plaintiff. Mr. Chase was at all times ready to pay the legacies named in the will, including that to the rector; it was to the sweeping residuary clause that he took objection. When the cause came on to be tried every one expected a long trial and a determined defense. The array of counsel on both sides promised that nothing would be left untried on either hand. But the case lasted but a single day. The defense was nothing at all. There was no fight, no opposition, save a vain attempt to whitewash the Reverend Mr. Smith, which signally failed. All the issues were found for the plaintiff, and upon those issues the court must decide the will to be of no effect. By consent of counsel on both sides, it was agreed that the jury might also find that the will was not procured by any undue influence on the part of Mr. Smith, but the jury declined so to find, not being agreed on that subject. We presume that the public at large will share in the disagreement of the jury, and that some will still consider Mr. Smith a saint, while others will consider him no better than any ordinary sinner. For ourselves, we rejoice that the attempt of the reverend gentleman to divert this large property from the persons to whom in reason and in affection it was justly due has been so signally defeated, and we hope that it will be a warning to all scheming priests in future—a warning that will fully assure them that this century is the nineteenth, and not the sixteenth; and for the benefit of all such

we here transcribe a part of the preamble of a celebrated statute passed in the reign of King Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith, which, although couched in somewhat obsolete English, will be found to be very edifying:

"Yet, nevertheless, dyverse and sundry ymaginacions, subtil invencions and practises, have been used, whereby the hereditaments of this realme have been conveyed by wylls and testaments sumtyme made by rude perlox and wordes, sumtyme by signs, and for the most part by persons as be visited with sykeness, in their extreme agoneys, and at such tyme as they had scantlye any good memory or remembrance, at which tymes they, being provoked by gredye, covetous persones lyeing in wayte about them, do many tymes dyspose indiscreetly their landes and inheritaunces."

HELLS FOR CONGRESS.

WE have received a letter from a high quarter in Washington which states that arrangements are progressing of a very complete character to provide for the amusement of Congress during its approaching session in a manner which must be immensely gratifying to constituents and flattering to the pride of the country at large. These arrangements are for the equipment and establishment of gambling hells with large capital and upon a scale of unprecedented splendor, so as to afford those legislators who are most successful in plucking the country the finest opportunity to be plucked in their turn. We all knew that such pleasant resources have been provided in Washington before; but, according to our information, never hitherto upon so magnificent and comprehensive a basis. The fatigues of debate and the tedium of protracted sittings are hereafter to be relieved, it seems, by those exhilarating vicissitudes of faro which some of our new representatives so well know how to direct and profit by; and it may afford some consolation to those who deprecate the robbery of the public purse to know that the robbers will stand a remarkably good chance of being themselves despoiled.

The ultimate vista which is thus opened up to us is very charming indeed. Should the session only last long enough, we may expect to see the resources of the Treasury steadily and surely emptied into the coffers of the faro-bankers; and the latter worthies will thus be enabled not only to control the gold market—which in some measure they have done before—but also to direct the entire fiscal affairs of the nation, which they may be expected to do very much to their own satisfaction, if not altogether to that of the people. Change makes change; and the *jeunesse dorée* of the commercial metropolis having for some time been comfortably batted upon, the reverend lawgivers of the political one will now supply an agreeable and no less satisfactory alternation. The auriferous feast may, it is true, be churlishly interrupted. Congress, which regulates for itself the affairs of the District of Columbia, may possibly interfere and forbid the banquet thus auspiciously prepared. But we really think there is no great fear of this. The arm of authority may be fairly extended over outsiders, but it would be very inconsiderate, as well as in very bad taste, for the legislature to prevent the diversions of its own members. Indeed, an implied charter for such privileges as those we name may be considered as among the inducements for condescending to enter the public service at all, and it would be very poor encouragement to rising legislative merit to interpose with a species of *ex post facto* prohibition after the duties have thus been in good faith undertaken.

It should also be considered as dissuading any impertinent meddling that, once interested in a good heavy game, some of the more adventurous members may be kind enough to keep away from their congressional chairs altogether, a circumstance whose advantages should be seriously weighed before they are deliberately sacrificed. Those fascinating circles of ivory have kept men from duties before now almost as important as legislative debates, and the dexterous management of our ablest expert will not be without its effect in developing their most tempting charms. The prospect is, therefore, an altogether reassuring one; and we imagine that the public-spirited beings who are preparing these delectable winter-evening amusements for our congressmen may rest happy in the belief that their benevolent projects will

be carried out without interruption. Perhaps the intelligent constituencies who are chiefly interested may have something to say about this sort of thing at some time in the indefinite future; but there are not many signs that we shall be called on to record it within any assignable period.

THE TURKEY CARNIVAL.

THE fat and luscious season which custom has made sacred to the *Meleagris gallo-pavo* is upon us. This, our truest national bird, now greets us at every turn with his firm and swelling breast, his delicate, crisp white flesh, his melting associations of things succulent and odorous, of thyme and savory and sweet marjoram, of blood-red cranberry and brittle white celery, of cordial gatherings and hearty cheer, of glorious stuffing and comfortable, drowsy repletion. Talk of the roast beef of Old England, quotha! Give us the wild turkey of Young America, artfully prepared and in its prime season, with the dash of game flavor that comes of choicest feeding, and served with those delectably suitable concomitants which long experience and keen æsthetic sagacity have developed among our ablest experts; give us a delicious young hen turkey, gorgeous in her crackling brown coat and overrunning with her own unctuous brown gravy, and a guinea to a gooseberry but her superiority is acknowledged by the stanchest John Bull who can be brought to make a fair comparison. We have birds without number which have towering reputations of their own, and whose very names make the mouth water in sympathetic ecstasy. Thus, the illustrious canvas-back, by many deemed the prince of all, and whose name is great in mouths of wisest censure; the mallard, with his glossy green crest, and the red-legged partridge, with his gamesome *tang*; the fair-fleshed quail, so solid and satisfying, and the sumptuous woodcock, with his exquisite brains, so prized by the epicure. Many a delicious bird have we, from the rich wild goose which suffices a hungry half-dozen to the dainty little reed-bird which, with the oyster in his stomach and the toast on which he rests, makes scarcely a mouthful. But what are all these to the turkey! Which of them combines his aroma and his fatness, his magnificently generous proportions with his delicacy of flavor? Not one. For all the superbest desiderata of zest and of richness, of plenteousness and of appetizing coloring, this glorious product of our virgin American forests stands foremost and unapproachable. He is himself alone. Why else should he be selected from among all other things—from the whole ordinary and commonplace crew of fish, flesh, and fowl—to be the chiefest ornament and pabulum of our merry-makings, the very sign and symbol of our Yankee Thanksgiving?

Democritus Junior, of a surety, knew nothing of the turkey, or he would have especially exempted him from that strange condemnation wherein he warns us against "peacocks and pigeons, all fenny fowl as ducks, geese, swans, herons, cranes, coots, dappers, water-hens, with all those teals, cures, shel-drakes, and pecked fowls that come hither in winter out of Scandia, Muscovy, Greenland, Friesland, which, . . . though these be fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites, white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat." And had the poet of the seasons made acquaintance with our crimson-combed gobbler he would have sunk the sirloin, all juicy and tempting though it were, and have written:

"The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking turkey, stretched immense
From side to side, in which with desperate knife
They deep incisions make."

Talk of venison, haunch or pasty! Why, if the red deer skipped about in our woods as plenty as gray squirrels in nutting time he would not supplant our turkey. Most true that venison has a certain poetic and traditional advantage. Its fame has been blazoned in song and transmitted to us with a flourish of trumpets which begets for it a respectful homage. It lives in our memories associated with chivalry and baronial towers, with troubadours and gothic banqueting halls, with ladies fayre and gallant knights who were not fortunate enough to have

turkeys; who never dreamt of him as a beautiful brown roast, and whose wildest flights of imagination never soared to the ideal of what he becomes when boiled and served up with double-parsley and oyster sauce! Boiled turkey and oyster sauce! Blessed be the man who devised that supreme combination, the culinary marriage of our rarest bird and our choicest mollusk! May his unknown memory ever be revered among us, and may his spirit, whatever naughtiness he may have committed in the flesh, be always the happier for the savory and beneficent reminiscence! We must acknowledge in candor, to return to our comparison, that turkey has not the storied renown, the historic pomp which cluster round venison, or boar's head for that matter, to say nothing of roast beef itself, or even of haggis or olla podrida. But, so far as that is concerned, the black broth of the Spartans antedates all of these, and yet who would change it for a platter of genuine gumbo? Let us, therefore, as true republicans, judge our *Meleagris* upon its own intrinsic merits, and justice and turkey will, as a consequence, reign triumphantly together.

Consider for a moment, in a comparative sense, its infinite variety. Can venison, or beef, or sheep's head be roasted, boiled, deviled, stuffed with sausages and chestnuts, hashed with parsley, shallots, and truffles, served with oysters, made ragouts and salmis and fricasees withal? By no means. At least, not without transgressing sound artistic canons and placing the wretched cook without the pale of civilization. Thus even in versatility, which is rarely the accompaniment of dazzling and pre-eminent merit, our turkey shines without a rival. His popularity, again, is another supreme test of his excellence. You shall find scarcely a man, woman, or child who does not adore and is not ready to do battle for him. He is among comestibles what Shakespeare is among poets, a star of purest ray, shining with no borrowed light, no fragment of a petty galaxy, but integral and solitary, blazing apart in unapproachable resplendence.

Trust no man who speaks harshly of turkey, and particularly at this festal season. The noble bird disseminates an atmosphere of hospitality, of generosity, of forgiveness, and of charity around him, through the forces, partly occult, partly obvious, of his own liberal proportions, his grateful succulence, and seductive fragrance. Whoso is insensible or repugnant to these electrical influences is selfish or malignant, and probably both. Beware of such men, and ask them neither to your Christmas nor your Thanksgiving dinner. They would mar the jollity of the day, set people by the ears, foment a love of discord which is incompatible with a love of turkey, and teach people to be unkind and thoughtless of the poor at the season when to be otherwise is a distinct and universal duty. Slightly to paraphrase *Hudibras*—

"They would defy
That which you love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince pies, and disparage
Your best and dearest friend, plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme turkey through the nose."

Hail Thanksgiving! and hail Turkey! Inseparable companions, may they continue to be bound together in jovial fellowship till earth shall be no more! Meanwhile the immediate season for enjoyment will last for some time. Many and many a plump bird will grace the snowy boards of thousands of American households these two months to come, and there are none, we may hope, so poor as not to be occasionally gladdened with the gallinaceous presence. For two months to come it will be the accompaniment of all that is brightest and most sparkling in conversation, the cynosure of every eye, the central mark for love and admiration. With many a sigh of pleasure will slices of luscious breast, bedecked with titbits of savory giblets, be consumed by young ladies, with many a grunt of satisfaction will the back or side bone be acquired by experienced epicures, with many a secret pang will the not always tender drumstick be assigned to dissatisfied little boys, and with many a glance of critical meaning will the fractured remains be regarded when they descend to their final despoilers in the kitchen below. For two months to come champagne will flow freely in one spot and whisky in another; sparkling Moselle will abound here and humble lager there; but turkey will be everywhere. Like Mr. Ten-

nyson's *Brook* which, while some come and some go, flows on for ever, our favorite bird is universal and unchanging and disdains not to gladden the homes of the poor as well as those of the rich.

Thanksgiving time has come, and with it turkey and with it festivity. We trust the festivity may be long and hearty and extend through all classes of the community. Hard-working people that we are, there is small danger of our taking too much recreation. We have no fear for Americans at large that they are likely to give up

"The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice."

The hard, unremitting business lives that most of our countrymen lead are, on the other hand, so rapidly petrifying and searing over the gentler, the more magnanimous and impulsive qualities which they might be expected under favorable circumstances to exhibit, that we do not think these seasons that have a tendency to warm the heart, to stimulate charity and good will toward men are at all likely to recur too often or to last too long. Let thanks be given; then, for peace and prosperity, and let the more fortunate of whatever degree give thanks which are sure to be most acceptable by showing kindness and tenderness and liberality to all within their reach and influence. Let the rich remember they are but almoners, and let them fulfill at this happy time the pledges which they have long slipped by, but which they know they have made to Heaven, to themselves, and to others to carry out certain promised good deeds. Let the vindictive and revengeful who have been persecuting those whom they think their enemies and seeking to deprive them of rights and happiness now consider the evil of their ways and turn aside from them for ever. And, finally, let every one who can afford it send his poorer neighbor a turkey as a thanksgiving offering. Hail Thanksgiving! and hail Turkey! we repeat; for in this country, at least, we could not well have the one without the other.

A SOCIAL FAVORITE.

IT is stated in some of the recent English papers that a grand-niece of Mrs. Garrick has died at Vienna, and the record is accompanied with the intimation that we may yet have from that quarter some disclosures affecting the character of a well-known English nobleman of the last century, and throwing light upon the origin of a lady who, from a seemingly humble position in the Austrian capital, was borne on the tide of fortune to the London stage, became the pet of the public, and subsequently as the wife of the English Roscius found few superiors, and rarely an equal, for accomplishments and popularity in the choicest social circles of the kingdom. If we are to have any revelations to show that birth was in alliance with native tact in securing this success in society, it may not be amiss to glance back to the story of her early career and learn in what direction these disclosures may possibly lie. It was in the early spring of 1746, when the Harwick packet lay at Helvoet, that a young Scotchman, fresh from his studies at Leyden, went on board with some companions to return to his native land. On the quarter-deck were three foreigners of different ages, seemingly having charge over a person whom the Britons took to be a young, handsome Hanoverian baron on his way to pay his court at St. James's. Before there was time for mutual acquaintance between the parties the vessel put to sea, and the passengers were soon driven to their berths. The young student and his companions straightway discovered that their landlord at Helvoet, by representing the likelihood of a week's calm, had looked more to his own profit than theirs, for sundry provisions that he had laid in were not possibly to be touched that day, and midnight bid fair to find them at their haven. So, without a thought of their ham, sirloin, fowls, and wine and brandy, they tossed in their bunks the weary hours, sea-sick to the utmost. The youngest only of the foreigners had a berth in the cabin. To talk was out of the question, until at last the stranger, giving way to fear, cried out to know if they were in any danger. The voice betrayed her sex, and the young Scotchman was put to his gallantry to quiet her apprehensions, as well as he was able. The next day, at Harwick, one of the lady's attendants waited on the Britons and, representing himself as her father, besought their countenance of his daughter, who was bound to London to commence an engagement as a dancer at the Haymarket. In due time Mademoiselle Violette made her appearance on that stage, and the young Scotchman, faithful to his promise, sat in the boxes and

marked the opening of a career which was to end so honorably in a private station. That Scotchman was "Jupiter" Carlyle.

Mademoiselle was in reality some four or five years older than Carlyle had taken her to be, for it was about the time of her twenty-first birth-day. She was born at Vienna, and, if we may believe the baptismal registry in the Cathedral of St. Stephen, on the twenty-ninth of February, 1725, of respectable parents, her father's name being Johann Veigel. The *maître de ballet* of that city had been attracted by the grace of her person, and, through his interposition, she was introduced at the palace as a dancing companion of the royal children. While in this vocation she assumed, at the request of the Empress, the Italian equivalent of her family name, a change that her brother, attached to the ballet corps, and a sister seem also to have made. Maria Theresa is said to have seen with concern the influence that the beautiful girl was acquiring over the Emperor, and exercised a wife's discretion in planning her removal. One of the ladies of her court, the Countess of Staremborg, was persuaded to furnish testimonials to the Countess of Burlington, and with this indorsement she was dispatched to the English metropolis, and with what escort we have seen above.

From her first appearance at the opera she was received with favor by the public, while in the private circles of Burlington House she met with so much kindness that stories of scandalous import began to be rife about town. Rumor fixed her paternity upon the earl himself, but there has been thought to be proof to the contrary in the fact that during the two years preceding her stated birth his lordship was constantly engaged, in England, with those schemes of munificent patronage which have honorably connected his name with the advancement of English art in its several branches. Equally unfounded seem to have been the gossiping insinuations as respects her own honor that Walpole, all the while, is so eager to repeat. "The fame of the Violette increases daily," he writes to Montague, when the new dancer was at the height of her competition with the Nardi. "The sister countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their stores of sullen partiality and competition for her. The former visits her and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick, and she sups at Lady Carlisle's, and—" but so he goes on in that vein of pleasant mockery that he was so much a master of.

When the winter season commenced at the theaters there was a revolution in that domain. All eyes were fixed upon the contest between the old and new styles that was going on at Covent Garden, where Quin and Garrick were wrestling for the supremacy. Lacy, of the other house, found his boxes deserted, and sought to effect a diversion by novel attractions, and one of these was the new dancer of the opera house. Early in December she made her first appearance on the stage of Drury Lane; and Walpole again sees her a day or two after, and advises his Florentine correspondent. "Her dancing our friends don't like," he writes; "I scold them, but all the answer is, Lord, you are so English! If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with *Œdipus*, My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."

So the season went on. All the fashionable world was in attendance before the curtain. Cabinet ministers even made a political test of her popularity, and connived at her success. Her mentor, the countess, gave her a mother's solicitude at home and attended her by night to the wings, and threw her pelisse over her as she came from the stage.

Meanwhile the representative actor of the new school was surely attaining his unparalleled eminence. Quin and his followers were conscious of their decline. The patentees of Drury had become anxious for the alliance of the rising genius, and he had added the sway of a manager to his popularity as an actor. Money had begun to flow into his coffers. The society of the great was thrown open for his acceptance. The gay never knew a more vivacious companion. The students were in raptures over the new significance he was giving to Shakespeare. All eyes were opened at seeing one who was so perfect in Lear and Jaffier transform his passion into the merriment of Benedick and Ranger.

Would Benedick marry?

A few nights before the close of his second managerial season the Duke of Richmond gave a brilliant *fête* at Whitehall Gardens in honor of the Duke of Modena, then in London. There was a concert of water-music, and following this a discharge of fire-works from lighters on the Thames. The crowd covered the slope of the bank, and, when the pavilion and terrace blazed forth with illuminations, "you could scarcely conceive a prettier sight," wrote Walpole, describing it, "the garden filled with everybody of fashion." Foremost among the

observed were two young African princes, whom the government had in charge to educate, and who had thrown the town into hysterics but a little while before by weeping so violently at the counterpart of their story in *Oroonoko*, which had been played before them at Covent Garden. Then there was the King in his barge on the river, "bestowing himself on the mob," whose flotilla covered the stream. As soon as his Majesty had departed, the duke led the music to the garden, and, leaning over the rails of the terrace, sang *God save the King* to the good subjects. "There was an admirable scene," writes the gossiping Walpole; "Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce lookout. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me who all the people were, and who is that? 'C'est miladi Harrington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire.' 'Et qui est cette autre dame?' It was a distressing question. After a little hesitation, I replied, 'Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette.' 'Et comment Mademoiselle Violette?' J'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple." I begged him to look at Miss Bishop."

The story of this attachment is not free from the array of conjecture and untruth that is usually attendant upon the most private doings of those whose services to the public seem to expose them to the public scrutiny. In the memoirs of Lee Lewis there is a long, circumstantial recital of the way in which the beautiful dancer pined in her unacknowledged love of the actor, till he was at last cajoled into matrimony by pecuniary rewards. There is enough of the whole story proven fabulous to warrant us in rejecting the account as one solely imaginary. Boaden relates, indeed, on the authority of Mrs. Garrick herself, that before her lover was acknowledged publicly he had, in the guise of a female, conveyed a note into her chair. The course of their love, indeed, was not exempted from the application of the Shakespearean adage. Suitors of a more favored kind had been fixed upon by the protecting countess, and the report was about, the preceding October, as Walpole wrote, that "the Violette has got Coventry for a husband. It is certain (he adds) that at the fine masquerade he was following her as she was under the countess's arm, who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding-ring up and down her finger, which, it seems, was to signify no other terms would be accepted."

Uncertainty did not, however, long prevail. Lady Burlington suspected, and elicited an acknowledgment from the lady herself. The actor's advances, made in proper form, were soon accepted, and the destined husband became a welcome guest at Burlington House. The town bruited the announcement. "They are desperately in love with each other," wrote Lord Chesterfield.

Garrick was at an old trick of his, of forestalling the satire of the town wits. The first play he had befriended in his new managerial capacity was a comedy by Edward Moore, a poet of the day, who had gained some notoriety by dedicating a volume of verse to the female sex. Moore held a ready pen, and was very willing to wield it in his patron's cause, and he nibbled it as bluntly as he was bidden. *The Gentleman's* for May contained the anticipatory satire

"But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us, what will some folks do!
How will they curse the stranger!
What! fairly taken in for life,
A sober, serious wedded wife?
O, fie upon you, Ranger!"

The gossips of the piece cap each other's denunciations of the match, and discover that, beside being the worst actor ever known, poor Garrick was nothing but

"A very Sir John Brute all day
And Fribble all the night."

The promised bridegroom was not content but the bride should have a sure ovation, and the same friend, ready at his beck, contrived a counter poem, in which Fortune, in pursuit of a mate for Garrick, whirls her chariot up to Burlington House gate, where the paragon is found in

"A heart to no folly or mischief inclined,
A body all grace and all sweetness of mind."

The marriage ceremony was performed June 23d, according to the rites of the Protestant and Romish churches in succession, for Mrs. Garrick continued in the Catholic communion through life. Walpole, piqued as usual, gossiped over the event to his correspondents. "The chapter of this history," he writes, "is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting countess, and whether she gives her a fortune or not." The fact is, a dower of £6,000 was granted, and, to this Garrick adding £4,000, the instrument was signed in the presence of Lady Burlington.

The wedded pair found a home in the noble mansion till a house could be prepared for them in Southampton Street, whither Garrick took his bride in a few weeks,

where she became the charming head of a much-sought household, being for thirty years as much her husband's pride as she was the social favorite; and after his death, for nearly fifty years, cherishing his memory with a freshness to the last that was almost solitary in the chronicles of grief.

PERIODICALS vs. BOOKS.

THE motto of a republic practically is, "Every one for himself." And so it happens that in this country every man selects his own path of attempted approach to the universal golden calf that all are panting after, holds his own religious belief, builds his house after his own particular fashion, invents his own neck-tie and originates his own folly, has his own "ism," patronizes his own paper, and generally writes his own books. For so great is the self-expression of our people that it is fast coming to be accepted as a rule that no young person has fairly attained majority before he or she has published a book, which commonly proves a windfall and the last fruit of the tree. The open-mouthed greediness of the public which assumes that a new book must needs have flavor, yet forgets that the few old ones that survive are always fresh, is chiefly responsible for this. Publishers are but men, who may yield to sheer importunity; and they cannot be greatly blamed for buying the devil in manuscript if they find they can sell him again at a profit, nor can young writers be expected to apply to themselves an admonition of patient waiting. The consequence is that certain makers of books think a year, or less, ample time for the production of a volume, and usually have one or two partially completed in their intellectual mill, the climax and self-condemnation of this process being reached when, as in the case of a volume not long ago noticed in this journal, the manufacturer—*writer* it were an outrage on language to call him—confessed, more boastfully than apologetically, to having "hastily pitchforked together" something, and in such haste that he misquoted a motto from Shakespeare's most familiar play.

All this is only one form of that characteristic American haste which in the individual jumps after ferry-boats, and in the nation wants to pay off the public debt in a day and absorb the continent in civilization during one century—which, in reckless savagery, charges straight upon results, and is indifferent to processes. The fact is too common to excite notice that we try to walk before creeping; and this is certainly true in respect to our literature, in which we have been putting first what should be last, while what should be first we have only tardily commenced at all. In brief, we have put books first, and swallowed anything bound in covers, while backward in periodicals. Thus, the first periodical—not counting the *Graham* school and the old *Knickerbocker*—was designed as only a piratical expedition against foreign publications; the second was American and creditable, but it failed; the third is only the organ of a narrow local clique. And the evil of this state of things is twofold; for not only does it positively foster a depraved taste in readers, by furnishing them an inexhaustible supply of hastily-made bad books, but pays a premium on hurried composition, makes leisurely reflection appear impracticable, and dwarfs and distorts young writers by perversely turning their energies to the wrong outlet. The writing and printing of many books which must necessarily be imperfect books is the ruin of writer and reader together; and that this is not seen to be so—in this country where everybody reads anything, and almost everybody tries his hand at writing something—merely illustrates how unconsciously hurry is become the universal habit.

It is either by thoughtlessness or by sheer willfulness that young writers—and, though for a class of reasons somewhat different, the rule extends to old ones also—fail to see and remember that a vastly better arena for them than books lies ready in periodicals, in which class we here include journals like *THE ROUND TABLE*. In treating so obvious a matter, we must begin at the beginning, and so say that, to a writer, the value of publication lies in these two cardinal points—that he may secure, 1st, intelligent judgment, and, 2d, the opportunity of an audience. One's own favorable prejudice and the admiration of friends are dangers congenial with authorship, neither of which can be combated except by publication. But the issue of a book does not certainly secure either of the above-mentioned ends. It is, indeed, *experimentum crucis*, but it does not follow at all that *via crucis via lucis*; it is more likely to prove *via doloris*. It does not necessarily secure a hearing, because there is a wide but often forgotten difference between printing and publishing, and another between publishing and striking any root into public favor. Words cannot describe the deadness of a still-born book, and, good or bad,

the new-born finds its case prejudged unfavorably by the past experience of the world; for exactly because nine out of ten new books are either worthless or needless the tenth good one has a greater preponderance of chances against it than if it were the only one, and unless the young author can whistle down the wind or make his voice heard in a gale, his first attempt will probably be smothered without a hearing by the weight of accumulated twice-dead books that load the shelves of dealers and the memory of readers. And, of course, if it is hard to secure a hearing, it is equally hard to secure an intelligent judgment. Professional "readers" have been proved fallible by many notable instances, where stories they have rejected have been afterwards pronounced rare jewels; while, on the other hand, publishers often yield to a persistent importunity which is harder to bear than pecuniary loss. And furthermore, it is not always literary merit that determines the publisher's answer; for his question is simply whether the book will probably sell, and this may be affected by the recent issue of something similar, by the prevalent current of the market, and by many other considerations. Nor should it be forgotten that hundreds of manuscripts must be condemned as a whole, portions of which might be decided hits. Thus, books of travel may have been overdone, and poetry may be, what it always really is—the hardest to get down the public throat; while yet certain chapters and single poems from manuscripts pronounced unavailable for that and kindred reasons may be the title to reputation.

The points upon the other side hardly need more than statement. It is perfectly certain that in a periodical a young writer need not combat the prejudice attaching to his youth, for that fact need not be known except as he reveals it himself; and as an established periodical reaches all readers, and carries with it the prestige of its own success instead of the ill-omen of the failure of others, it is equally certain that he will probably secure a hearing. For the periodical carries him, as the wind carries thistle-down, to the very eyes of readers, and is, moreover, a *prima facie* indorsement of him; while, on the contrary, the fact that he appears between the covers of a book is not taken as demonstrating anything whatever. His article may appear between articles by the two best-known of living writers; but this disadvantage of contrast is balanced by the commendation he receives by being found in their company, and if he cannot bear examination that is his own fault. Moreover, the judgment of the editor is more single-minded, being not affected by the complex considerations that move publishers; and it is kinder also, since far less than in the case of books is it staked upon sound decision, and his own impulse is always on the side of charity.

If the objection is raised that the periodical is a narrower arena than books, we reply that for the early courses of authorship it is, on the contrary, much the wider one. It is surely needless to ask whether literary ambition can be better satisfied and literary success better attained by being unread in a book than being read in a periodical; and the latter is certainly wider in this respect, that many an essay and poem, in rolls of manuscript essays and poems, condemned to remain bodiless by the book publisher, is just what the periodical, sick with hope deferred, is eager for. Will it fail therein of recognition or of reputation? The periodical does not want roses; it wants the drop of attar—flavor, pith, point, sparkle, "the central core of heat" that strikes heat through readers' souls. It is the wider arena, too, in range of topics, for countless topics too narrow and unimportant for full-blown volumes will serve for telling articles in periodicals, which may fulfill a second useful end in the hands of the historian, the publicist, and the scientific writer. And the periodical is precisely that training school for larger literary fields which every country needs for the right and robust development of its literature; it occupies a peculiar and honored position, and its own character and reputation are a sound measure of the literary life of any nation.

Pray tell why, in the name of all the senses, a young writer should spurn all preliminary trial and insist on staking all on a single die—on trying the *experimentum crucis* at the very outset? Success in it gains nothing above other success except the consciousness of unusual genius, if that be allowed a gain; while failure simply closes one's own case against him. He would be set down a fool who should appear before the largest possible audience, either to sing or to speak, without having tested himself before a smaller one; yet whom the gods would destroy, it really seems as if they first moved to write. For lenient judgment and the chance of retrieval, it is sheer madness to substitute a tribunal that admits no appeal. Dear neophyte, who think yourself commanded to look in your heart and write, do not be ambitious of

covers and a title-page in two colors; for remember that those horrible cats, the critics, are waiting to pounce upon unfledged birds that are too soon conscious of their wings, and that the general public usually views the proceeding in high indifference. Greedy as it is, that public does not commonly snap twice at the same bait, and it is the "we" in the last two lines of the following somewhat old sonnet which is good for the system to take, though it may be hard to digest:

"Robert of Gloster, in an old romance,
Makes mention of a rich but capacious king,
Whose daughter grew so fair of countenance
That many knights from far came worshipping.
All men desired her: both the fool and wise
Warmed in the splendor of her lustrous eyes.
But the rich, capacious king withheld, the while,
This prize for him whose wit should make him smile;
While all who tried, and failed to make him merry,
Behewed were in manner sanguinary.
So runs the writer's fate: if he succeed,
To a pure Fame we marry him for ever;
But if we take no unction of his rede,
We cut his head off for his vain endeavor."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 10, 1866.

WE have had this week a narrow escape from a sort of famine which has happily never yet visited this country. I allude to the book famine, which up to the day before yesterday appeared to be imminent. Your readers may perhaps have heard that the compositors of England and Scotland some time ago determined, as a good many trades here have done before them, that they would have an increase of wages and other advantages which they have not hitherto been able to secure. The masters demurred; the men drew up a statement of their demands, and threatened a general strike if they were not complied with. The case looked grave. We are now in the very thick of our publishing, or rather our printing, season—for as yet but a small portion of the publishers' programmes have been fulfilled. Every printing office, in London at least, is working extra time, and what might be the result of a sudden stoppage none could foretell. The superfine writers of *The Saturday Review* and *The Pall Mall Gazette* of course look upon all this as another proof of the baseness of our working classes, who they think ought never to take advantage of extra demand for their labor, but should wait for a time more convenient to their employers. The men, however, regard the case differently, and as they happen to have succeeded in their objects, they will doubtless when they come to put the comments of their superfine censors into type at the respective printing offices of the two journals referred to feel themselves not altogether without consolation. For nearly half a century the recognized scale of printers' wages here has, I believe, undergone no modification; and as the earnings of all other classes, as well as prices of commodities generally, have everywhere risen, it is impossible to doubt that there was good ground for their movement. Their main object (if your readers will excuse these technical details) was to obtain an advance of one penny per thousand letters; or when paid by time £1 16s. per week. The demand to reduce the working week from sixty to fifty-eight hours was the only point which the masters refused, and this was given up by the men as unimportant. Your publishers may perhaps be glad to learn that their dreaded English rival will not in future get his labor quite so cheap as he did, but must ride the race with them carrying a little extra weight.

The philosophical correspondent of *The Spectator* who writes from New York under the signature of "A Yankee" (Mr. Grant White?) has a long letter in that journal of to-day on the subject of American notions of free trade. He repudiates the idea of English writers that the American people are unacquainted with the arguments in favor of free trade employed by the political economists; he says they know all about it, but have determined not to have anything to do with it. For what is it to the purpose, he inquires (I have not *The Spectator* before me, but this is the purport of his argument), that free trade would give you cheaper goods; or even that your imports, being necessarily paid for by your exports, every dollar's worth of the productions of foreign industry which you purchase must involve the purchase of a dollar's worth of American products? What you want is to be a manufacturing people; and not a people engaged entirely in agriculture and importing their manufactures. In fact, as "A Yankee" says, you do not want to be in the posi-

tion of your Southern States, for you know what that means—a scattered population, with less education and altogether lower civilization. What patriot, then, he wishes to know, would object to pay a little more for his cutlery or cottons, not for the benefit of certain classes, as English writers say (and here he is quite right, for cutlery-making and cotton-weaving in your country are not, I suppose, more profitable than other trades, or why do your people embark in other trades?), but for the sake of escaping that dreaded result—an entire nation of plowmen shaving themselves, if they had decency enough left to care for that operation, with British razors? Well, I wish I could say that this argument is in any degree new. It is, in fact, the last intrenchment of the protectionist party in every country in Europe. But if there had not been a certain plausibility in its treatment, it could not have impressed intellects so acute as those of *The Spectator's* editors. The subject would require more space to deal with it than I can find in this letter; but the gist of the free trader's answer is simply this, that countries are not poor and uncivilized because they are agricultural, but they are agricultural because they are poor and uncivilized. The very fact he cites of the comparative condition of North and South among you ought to have suggested doubts. It is quite true that some of your northern manufactures have sprung up under the shelter of a tariff which protected them (at the expense of American consumers) against foreign competition; but North and South alike enjoyed the benefits (if "A Yankee" will have it so) of these protective defenses. Why are the results so different? Surely natural advantages of production are not all on the side of the North, or if they were does "A Yankee" really believe that the South might have been brought to an equality in this respect by the establishment of stringent custom houses along the line of 36° 30'? If this were indeed so, few could wonder that there were once secessionists among you; but it is not so. Liberty to shave with British razors, to clothe in British cottons, or even to read British books would not convert your eastern states into thinly peopled agricultural counties, or turn the citizens of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia into mere plow-boys and pig-carers.

A fact has lately been mentioned in our papers so amusingly illustrative of our aristocratic prejudices that it ought not to be passed lightly by. Readers of Charles Lamb's essays will remember his allusions to "James Weathercock," which was the signature of one Wainwright, a fellow-contributor with Lamb, some forty-odd years since, to *The London Magazine*. The story of Wainwright's criminal career is well known. This scoundrel lived in a luxurious style in Marlborough Street, London, without any visible means of existence but that of contributing to the magazines, which, in those days, was far from being a lucrative pursuit. He was subsequently proved beyond doubt to have been a systematic poisoner—his sister, if I remember rightly, being one of his victims—for the purpose of defrauding life assurance offices. Some technical informality led to his being convicted only for the lesser offense of forgery; and for this he was transported in 1836. Wainwright, it is stated, applied for a ticket of leave; and it appears that he based his demand simply upon the interesting fact of his "descent, reduced through family history and *Edmonston's Heraldry*, from a stock not the least honored in Cambria." Who was the governor of the penal settlement to whom he made this appeal I do not know; but it is impossible to deny that it was skillfully conceived. James, by the way—"light-hearted James," as Lamb calls him—was no vulgar rogue. Hazlitt, I remember, rebukes him in one of his dramatic essays for refusing to criticise performances taking place in the plebeian theaters on the Surrey side of the Thames; but generally his friends thought him good-hearted and harmless. Would Lavater have suspected him, I wonder? Elia certainly did not; for in that beautiful reply to Southey, which I hope is printed entire in your American edition—it is mutilated in ours—he names him among those friends whose love and good-will far outweigh his censor's unkindly criticisms. Poor John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant poet, was often taken by Lamb to Wainwright's lodgings, where costly wines and the unaccustomed magnificence left him with those splitting headaches of which he so touchingly complained. Clare's behavior on his first visit was one of Lamb's stories, which has never yet, I believe, been told in print. Clare was directed to come to the house at a certain hour to a dinner party, invited to receive and do him honor; and he arrived with most unfashionable punctuality, dressed in his accustomed holiday suit of blue coat, buff waistcoat, and knee-breeches, and looking like Mr. Emery in the part of Farmer Ashfield or John Lump. A magnificent tall footman, whom

Wainwright always kept, seeing this strange figure in the hall, and assuming that he had called with some trifling message, motioned to him to sit down on a hall chair, among hats and coats, in a corner. Here Clare waited contentedly while guests arrived, and the tall footman went up and down continually, without deigning to inquire into the countryman's business. Mr. John Forster will remember this incident; for he was, I believe, the guest who, when dinner was nearly over and conjectures had been hazarded in vain as to the absence of their chief visitor, was suddenly reminded of having seen an uncouth figure in the hall; whereon the company, rushing to the landing and looking over the banisters, finally discovered the poet sitting on the edge of his chair, with his hat placed modestly on the ground.

The fashionable style of writing which James Weathercock so much affected went out about the time when that light-hearted forger and poisoner of his fellow-creatures died miserably in the convict hospital at Hobart Town; but nobody here can deny that it has been of late very extensively revived. The modern cant of our literary men is that they are not mere geniuses but "educated gentlemen." Even Mr. Thackeray, when he started *The Cornhill*, laid special emphasis on the fact that his writers were to be all of this class—though, as he used afterwards to say, there were but a certain number of literary coaches "on the stand," and he found after all that he could only hail the old hack vehicles. Mr. Swinburne, too, in his recent pamphlet, cannot refrain from reminding us poor writers that he never wrote for money, and is, therefore, presumptively of this superior stratum of literary people. One of the most serious charges brought by *The Saturday Review* against Mr. Dickens is that he fails when he attempts to depict "a gentleman," which is but a way of saying that he is not superfine, and is destitute even of sympathy with superfine people. Even Thackeray, who was not free from this kind of cant, came, by a mysterious dispensation of retributive justice, under this damaging imputation. I forget what was the occasion, but the indexes of *The Saturday Review* will bear me out. Not that he was altogether without pretensions to the superfine; but just as diplomats have recognized such a thing as an "ultimatum," so *Saturday Reviewers* recognized a super-superfine; and took a malicious delight in showing that the author of *Vanity Fair* was not quite a fashionable gentleman after all. The charge went home; for Mr. Thackeray, I remember, replied in a *Roundabout Paper* in *The Cornhill*. Some time ago somebody charged Miss Braddon with betraying in one of her novels an ignorance of one of the "usages of polite society," which brought forth an immediate and an indignant denial from that lady. More recently we have had *The Pall Mall Gazette* irritating Mr. Yates, by insinuating that his pictures of "society" were necessarily draughts upon imagination. This was more than could be borne. It was nothing that Yates is recognized by the public as a clever and original essayist, and a rapidly rising novelist; and by his friends as a generous, good-hearted, manly fellow. He must also let them know that he is—what his detractors knew very well before—really admitted into good society. When Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., publishers, accidentally ran down the Prince of Wales, and knocked him off his horse in Rotten Row (I am not, I confess, certain that Mr. Smith was the offender; but why was his organ so suspiciously anxious to lay the almost treasonous occurrence on other people?) *The Pall Mall Gazette* insinuated that Mr. Yates was the "galloping snob" who had done it. How could a man of letters who was not a galloping snob but a first-rate horseman put up with that and not let the world know that he rode like a gentleman, and more than that, had a horse which for "points or pace" could be matched any day against the animals drawing Mr. Smith's carriage, once described in *The Pall Mall Gazette* as "a neat but unpretending brougham."

What this will all come to I do not venture to prophesy; we have not yet got to a revival of the old *haut-ton* novel, with its lords and ladies and its abundance of bad French, such as those with which Mrs. Gore and the Countess of Blessington, of fashionable memory, once gladdened the heart of Colburn, the publisher; but it is certain that a title of a new journal or magazine now must be fashionable, or give up all hope of success. Witness our battle of the rival *Belgravias* which came off this week. We have a *Pall Mall* and a *St. James's Magazine*, and a *London Society*, and two *Belgravias*, and are threatened now with a *May Fair* and a *Tyburnia*, all highly fashionable localities in London. The Vice-Chancellor decided that neither Messrs. Hogg nor Miss Braddon had any exclusive right to the title; and recommended them to agree. It was the counsel for Miss Braddon who suggested to the rival to change his name

to *Tyburnia*, which is certainly fashionable, but has hardly yet got over its old gibbet associations, though male factors have long ceased to be hanged at Tyburn. Perhaps it is for want of this fashionable element that Mr. George Henry Lewes's *Fortnightly Review* is compelled to confess partial failure by resolving to come out in future only once a month. A *Fortnightly Review* once a month! What will Mr. Washington Moon say to this misuse of the Queen's English?

Swinburne's pamphlet, to which I have already alluded, has only served to irritate his censors more than ever. In good truth his attacks on the "professional pressmen" are neither powerful nor politic; but his poetry and some portions of his pamphlet will outlive all this hubbub. Some of his assailants must be held, I am afraid, to have forfeited their claim to be accounted "educated gentlemen." *Punch*, for instance, has this week the coarse joke of licensing Mr. Swinburne to "take the name of Swineborne." I trust that no friend of the poet will retort on Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor, by any vulgar jokes about "Lemon" and the bowls of "Punch" which that gentleman, in his pre-literary days, was wont to serve out in his little public house in Wych Street. Such allusions would not certainly be less in genius or in worse taste than Mr. Lemon's pun on Swinburne's name; but Billingsgate ought not to find its way into decent prints.

"Dr. Mary Walker," late with the United States Army a prisoner at Richmond, is writing, or rather dictating her experiences, which are to be issued by a publisher here.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: *The New Orleans Times* recently published the following communication:

"If the following story be true, Sir Philip Francis, if not the author of *Junius*, was, at least, the keeper of the author's secret; and in the last condition, how faithfully he acted may be shown in the fact that the secret died with him so far as he was its custodian. To be brief, Sir Philip Francis, on the point of embarking for India, and after taking leave of him, wrote a note to the Rev. John Smith, Dean of Dublin and Rector of the Parish of St. Giles in the East, London, to the following effect:

"MY DEAR DEAN: A word more, and imperative—write not another line to Woodfall until my return; preserve our incognito. Let Draper wine; let Bedford sleep; let Grafton wriggle on the hook, and let Horne Tooke recreate himself with *The Diversions at Perley*. They, the king, *et id genus omne*, have enough to digest until I return and we recommence the choking process. *Au revoir*."

"The Rev. John Smith, dean, rector, etc., was a man of great erudition, of most excellent wit, of amiable temper, and of great esteem in the literary coteries of the metropolis. He never published, though his manuscripts on scientific and literary art were numerous, and pronounced by his friends to afford evidence of the loftiest genius; but he escaped, by his calligraphical reticence, the pains and penalties of authorship, and he died happy at home in his bed. A son of his, wild and roving in disposition, came to America, and led an idle life if not a dissolute life. He enlisted in the United States army during the war of 1812-15. His name was also John, and it was in camp that I became acquainted with him. I was a drummer-boy in the same regiment. We were wounded almost at the same instant that the immortal Scott received a ball in his shoulder. During our convalescence he recited incidents of his life, and of the happy hours of his childhood in the parish of St. Giles. He showed me many mementoes of his family, leaving no doubt in my mind of the truth of his story. Among these, was the original of the letter quoted above, of Sir Philip Francis to his father. He said he found it in an old portfolio given to him by his parent, and that it was among the few things he had not lost in America.

"Of course, I was very young when I read the letter, and, knowing little and caring less about Junius and his time, I was not otherwise impressed by it than by the quaintness of its style; and the subject seemed to be effaced from my memory. I recollected nothing of it until to-day, when, reading *Junius*, by one of those mysterious and inexplicable operations of the mental faculties, the entire letter was dagger-retyped to my mental vision; and I hasten to make this communication to you, and through you to the public in general, and to the Literary Society of New Orleans especially—confidently expecting that we shall all agree as to the truth of one of two things: Either that Sir Philip Francis was the author of *Junius*, with the Rev. John Smith as his amanuensis; or that the Rev. John Smith was the author, with Sir Philip Francis as the depository of his secret; so that the question 'Who was the author of *Junius*?' may be answered in three words: Francis or Smith. Perhaps some little bird may some day tell us which.

"Yours, RICHARD LOFTUS SMITH, M.D.

"BEAVER CREEK, Parish Rapides, Oct. 10, 1866."

It will doubtless occur to all well-informed persons who read the above that the writer might practice what he styles "calligraphical reticence" with some advantage to himself. He must entertain a singular impression of

the intelligence of "the public in general and the Literary Society of New Orleans especially" if he imagines he can impose upon them as genuine the note so miraculously recalled to his memory. It needs but a brief comparison of dates to discover how absurd an invention it is.

Philip Francis (subsequently Sir Philip), having been appointed a member of the Indian government, sailed for that country in the summer of 1774. John Horne did not assume the surname of Tooke until 1782, and the first part of *The Diversions of Purley* appeared in 1786. It was, therefore, impossible for Francis, when "on the point of embarking for India," viz., in 1774, to have known such a person as Horne Tooke, as that name did not exist until eight years afterwards; or to have had any knowledge of Horne Tooke's book, *The Diversions of Purley*, which was not published until twelve years afterwards. Perhaps, by the aid of another of "those mysterious and inexplicable operations of the mental faculties" which restored the long-forgotten note to his remembrance, Dr. Smith will be able to reconcile these anachronisms. The likelihood of the Junian honors falling upon the shoulders of John Smith would force many people to conclude with Byron that—

"What Junius we are wont to call
Was really, truly, nobody at all.

W. G. T.

NEWPORT, KY., Nov. 9, 1866.

SWINBURNE AND ALDRICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: *The Boston Advertiser* of the 17th inst. has a queer paragraph the purpose of which seems to have been to defend the author of *Miantowona* (in *The Atlantic* for October) from a rather damaging imputation fixed upon him in your late article on the *Metaphysics of Plagiarism*, and is therein guilty of a blunder so amusing that I cannot refrain from calling attention to it. The sole ground of *The Advertiser's* defense of Mr. Aldrich is a sort of *ex cathedra* statement to the effect that "*Miantowona* was in the hands of the printer before any copy of *Madonna Mia* had arrived in this country." The facts are these:

Mr. Aldrich's poem (*Miantowona*) was published in *The Atlantic* for October, and the *Madonna Mia* arrived in this country, in company with the advance sheets of Swinburne's ballads as issued by Moxon, as early as the middle of June. The advance sheets of Moxon's edition, in which *Madonna Mia* was included, were, to the writer's personal knowledge, in the hands of New York publishers at that date, and Mr. R. H. Stoddard and others had access to them.

Moreover, the advance copies of Moxon's edition arrived in Boston several days before any copies were forwarded to New York, and must have been in the hands of Ticknor & Fields as early as the 13th of June. Mr. Hurd brought the first copy to New York from Boston. Now, Mr. Aldrich is connected with the firm of Ticknor & Fields, and, of course, had access to Swinburne's ballads, including *Madonna Mia*, prior to the middle of June, which was nearly four months before his poem appeared in *The Atlantic*. Of course, if the author of *Miantowona* sees fit to assert, or to cause his friends to assert, that his poem was in the hands of the printer four months (nearly) before its publication, one is bound as a gentleman to believe him, and there is an end of all controversy; but that *Madonna Mia* "arrived in this country" four months before Mr. A.'s poem appeared in *The Atlantic*, and that Mr. A. had access to it (or might have had), the facts prove.

If *The Advertiser* was ignorant of these facts, it would have done well to be assured of them before printing a paragraph so absurd and flippant; and if it was not thereof ignorant, there is something in the paragraph which resembles intentional misrepresentation.

F. G. F.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1866.

THE PEOPLE'S ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Permit me to take exception to some of the statements of your correspondent "Senex" in his letter on *The People's English* published in your issue of Oct. 13. First, that the French say "it is me." He admits that the analogy of the Latin favors "it is I," but complains of our grammarians for trying to force upon "the rough, simple English" the artificial rules of the Latin, and claims that the English is farther from the Latin than the French is, and yet the French say "it is me." The French phrase is "c'est moi." Now our pronouns have no case corresponding to "moi," "lui," etc., and to assume that "me" is, in every case, the equivalent of "moi" is absurd. The French say "vous êtes

aussi grand que moi," and "lui et moi sommes frères," yet, I presume, "Senex" would hardly venture to write "you are as tall as me," or "him and me are brothers." The analogy of the Latin nominative after "to be" may not be decisive; but there is an analogy, for we have a case equivalent in all other instances to the Latin nominative, whereas we have none corresponding to the French dative.

From the grammarians "Senex" appeals to usage, and refers us to the unlearned; because, he says, "the usage we want to get at is that which preceded grammar," and the unlearned "derive their habits of speaking by tradition." Among these jealous preservers of tradition, handed down from the good old time before grammar was, I have heard, in answer to the question whether "those are the ones," a phrase which I write "them's um," though unfortunately unacquainted with the traditional manner of spelling it. Doubtless it would make the English rougher and simpler to abolish the distinction of cases, in the half dozen exceptions "I," "thou," etc. (the Quakers are doing it for "thou"); but I find the guardians of tradition are inconsistent, often using "they" where "them" or "um" would have expressed the meaning as well. In fact, my experience has led me to doubt whether the King James version of the Bible may not be as good an index of ancient usage as the habits of the unlearned.

But seriously, must it not be admitted that usage is far more variable than authority, though even doctors may disagree? Usage is indeed the final arbiter, for authority is nothing if not itself authorized by usage. It is not, as "Senex" represents it, a usurping dictator, who assumes to govern usage, but the acknowledged code of usage, whose laws have been gradually unfolded, just as the principles of common law have been developed by practice, and written out by competent persons, whose expositions have become authority. Good usage is law-abiding usage; like the good citizen, it will not consent to live in anarchy, but makes its own laws and binds itself to follow them. And it is to such usage as distinguished from the lawless hap-hazard usage of the unlearned that we appeal as authority when we protest against "it is me."

JUVENIS.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Oct. 30, 1866.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

MR. CHARLES READE'S MASTERPIECE OF PLAGIARY.*

MR. CHARLES READE, by confiding his *Griffith Gaunt* letter to his American publishers for timely publication, which they properly managed, procured for his (and their) novel probably a wider circulation and a more general criticism than any other work of fiction has enjoyed within the same period after its publication. The judgments passed upon it have been almost as diverse as those of Mr. Reade himself and of THE ROUND TABLE. Of the American journals which have noticed it a large majority have expressed their agreement with the views of THE ROUND TABLE, taking exception only at what they term its "personalities," showing that they have taken their impressions from Mr. Reade's letter or from each other, as in our original articles we observed toward that person a scrupulous courtesy, speaking of him—as an author ordinarily should be spoken of—as if he were a gentleman. The English press, since *The London Review* was sued for quoting us, have shown as general a preponderation in favor of the Englishman, who, they generally declare, has not violated English ideas of decency. The propriety of the book aside, it has other peculiarities which, now that its ordinary criticism has been generally concluded, are worthy of note. A large part of Mr. Reade's popularity is well known to have been due to the general admiration for his originality, his freshness, his frankness. *The Saturday Review*, which considers his letter "delicious" and extols *Griffith Gaunt*, praises it for the author's "rare gift of creating" and for the "exciting plot." *The Spectator* extols his delineation of jealousy. *The Atlantic*, pre-

sumably his most favorable cis-Atlantic critic, pronounces that "the management of the plot was so masterly that the story proceeded without a pause or an improbability." These criticisms, however, which defend the morality of the book, are at one in condemning the disposal of its characters at the close as inartistic.

GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY. 1866.

[Griffith Gaunt, a gentleman without fortune, marries Kate Peyton, who has just inherited Hershaw Castle and Bolton Grange, in Cumberland.

[Mrs. Gaunt and Father Leonard, a young priest and her confessor, find in each other the only congenial companionship the neighborhood affords, and an intimacy ensues which arouses Griffith's jealousy.] "Husband and wife saw little of each other, and hardly spoke." [In the course of one of their quarrels, Griffith says:]

"Then I say that priest shall never darken my doors again."

"Then I say they are my doors, not yours; and that holy man shall brighten them whenever he will."

[Griffith, after threatening to drag Father Leonard through the horse-pond if he returns, finds the pair walking together, as he supposes planning his dishonor. Having chastised the priest in Mrs. Gaunt's presence:]

"He darted to the stable-yard, sprang on his horse, and galloped away from Hershaw Castle."

[Griffith rides into another county, and stopping, tired, at an inn, meets Mercy Vint, the innkeeper's daughter.] "He saw a buxom, blooming young woman, with remarkably dove-like eyes that dwelt with timid, kindly curiosity upon him." [He falls sick, and she nurses him.]

[Griffith is sharply repulsed by Mercy on his proposing that she shall become his mistress, and finally marries her under the name of Thomas Leicester (that of his bastard half-brother), and helps in the inn-keeping.

[Wanting money, Griffith returns to Hershaw Castle; is convinced that his suspicions were false; determines upon returning permanently to his first wife, but goes again to the inn to take to Mercy the money she needs.

[The real Thomas Leicester visiting the inn during Griffith's absence, Mercy questions her husband on his return, learns his secret, and they part, Griffith returning to his first wife. Leicester, reaching Hershaw first, tells of Griffith's bigamous marriage.]

"Griffith walked into the dining-room, and . . . found Mrs. Gaunt seated at the head of her own table, and presiding like a radiant queen over a brilliant assembly. He walked in, and made a low bow to his guests first; then he approached to greet his wife more freely, but she drew back decidedly, and made him a courtesy, the dignity and distance of which struck the whole company. . . . Some unlucky voice was heard to murmur, 'Such a meeting of man and wife I never saw.'

"Oh!" said he [Griffith], bitterly, 'a man is not always his wife's favorite.'

"He does not always deserve to be," said Mrs. Gaunt, sternly.

"When matters had gone that length, one idea seemed to occur pretty simultaneously to all the well-bred guests; and that idea was, *Save qui peut*.

BROTHER GRIFFITH'S STORY OF A PLOT IN PRIVATE LIFE. 1859.

"My master was a very rich gentleman. He had the Darrock house and lands in Cumberland. . . . Mr. Norcross died; . . . he bequeathed his property so that it all went to Mrs. Norcross first," etc. . . . [Mrs. Norcross marries Mr. James Smith, who] "was poor enough himself, as I heard from his servant, but well connected—a gentleman by birth and education."

"As for the village near us, there was but one person living in it whom my mistress could think of asking to the hall, and that person was the clergyman who did duty at the church. This gentleman's name was Mr. Meeke. He was a single man, very young. . . . She felt for him in his lonely position. . . . Mr. Meeke (who was dreadfully frightened by my master's violent language and rough ways) very seldom visited at the hall except when my mistress was alone there. . . . He [Smith] grew sulky, rude, angry, and at last downright jealous of Mr. Meeke. . . . The ruder her husband was to Mr. Meeke, the more kindly she behaved to him. This led to serious disputes, and thence in time to a violent quarrel."

"He replied by . . . commanding her never to open the doors again to Mr. Meeke; she on her side declaring that she would never consent to insult a clergyman and a gentleman in order to satisfy the whim of a tyrannical husband. Upon that he called out, with a great oath, to have his horse saddled directly, . . . warning his wife that he would come back, if Mr. Meeke entered the house again, and horsewhip him, in spite of his black coat, all through the village."

"With these words he left her, and rode away to the seaport where his yacht was lying."

[Mr. James Smith landed at a Scottish seaport town.] "In the course of his wandering about the town, his attention had been attracted to a decent house, where lodgings were to be let, by the sight of a very pretty girl sitting at work at the parlor window. . . . He took the lodgings on the spot."

"He had made sure that the ruin of the girl might be effected with very little difficulty; but he soon found that he had undertaken no easy conquest. . . . Whether it was cunning or whether it was innocence, she seemed incapable of understanding that his advances toward her were of any other than an honorable kind. . . . Either he must resolve to make the sacrifice of leaving the girl altogether, or he must commit the villainy of marrying her" [which he does].

[Wanting money, Smith returns to Darrock Hall, where he finds Mr. Meeke in his wife's parlor. Pointing to him:] "'You shameless woman,' he said, 'can you look me in the face in the presence of that man?'"

[Mrs. Smith, having learned from an anonymous letter of her husband's second marriage, the particulars of which she had obtained in detail by the investigations of her lawyer's clerk.]

THE FRENCHMAN OF TWO WIVES. 1856.

"Monsieur de la Pivardière was a gentleman of ancient family, but reduced fortune, in Touraine. The family name was Bouchet, but he called himself Pivardière, to distinguish himself from his brothers; . . . he married, more for money than for love, a woman somewhat older than himself—a Madame du Plessir—a widow, who brought him an estate and château, called Nerbonne, for a dowry."

"At last he grew jealous of her. There was a certain Prior de Misery, . . . whom he had made his own chaplain, which obliged the priest to come to the château frequently. . . . At first the husband liked this increase of intimacy, but when he found that the prior continued to come to the château in his absence as frequently as before, if not more frequently, he took umbrage, and chose to suppose that his wife and his friend betrayed him."

"He said nothing, but took his own resolution. He quitted the army without telling his wife, and set out to travel."

"He arrived on a summer's evening at the gates of the town of Auxerre. A number of young girls were walking on the ramparts. . . . One of them attracted his admiration."

"At first he only intended to make the young woman his mistress; . . . but as it happened that she was too virtuous to agree to anything but honorable, lawful marriage, and as the Sieur de la Pivardière was very much in love, and considered that he had been irrevocably injured by and divided from his wife, he felt no scruple in contracting a second marriage while she was alive; although bigamy, by the laws of France, was in those days a hanging matter. He married her, notwithstanding, under his family name of Bouchet, . . . becoming a simple bourgeois."

[Wanting money, he returns to Nerbonne], "pretended to his wife that he was still attached to the army, and needed money to buy his promotion. She gave him all she had, and he departed to rejoin his second wife, on whom he bestowed all the money he obtained from his first."

[Madame de la Pivardière received a letter from the procureur of the parliament at Paris concerning her husband, which opened her eyes. On the same day, a mason living near Nerbonne meets M. de la Pivardière, who is on his way to the château, expecting to surprise his wife and the prior; hurrying on before him, the mason, anxious to prevent a crime, informs them of his approach.]

"He certainly found both his wife and the prior—but he also found several of the neighboring gentry with their wives. They were all seated at dinner; and it was a friendly party instead of a guilty tête-à-tête that he disturbed. The prior seemed overjoyed to receive him, and all the guests gave him a cordial welcome; his wife alone kept her seat and did not speak to him. A lady of the company said jestingly to Pivardière, 'Is that the way to welcome back a husband after so long an absence?'"

"He replied gloomily, 'I am her husband, it is true, but I am not her friend.'

"This was not likely to make the rest of the party very comfortable, and they took their departure as soon as possible. Left alone with his wife, M. de la Pivardière

* *Griffith Gaunt*; or, *Jealousy*. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

Brother Griffith's Story of a Plot in Private Life, a portion (pp. 322-392) of *The Queen of Hearts*. By Willie Collins. (Printed in England in 1859 or earlier.) New York: Harper & Bros. 1866.

The Frenchman of Two Wives. Printed in *Household Words*. Vol. XIV., No. 350, Dec. 6, 1856, p. 845 et seq.; reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, No. 660, Jan. 17, 1857, p. 186 et seq.

"Mrs. Gaunt took leave of them one by one, and husband and wife were left alone. . . He said sulkily, 'What sort of a reception was that you gave me?' . . .

"Go back to her," cried Mrs. Gaunt furiously. "False and forsown yourself, you dared to suspect and insult me. Ah! and you think I am the woman to endure this? I'll have your life for it! I'll have your life." . . .

"Griffith endeavored to soften her. . .

"I'll soon be rid of you and your love," said the raging woman. "The constables shall come for you to-morrow."

It is needless to pursue further a parallelism which, in all the essential points that follow, amounts to identity. The plots of these three narratives are identical in the following points: Each is the story of a fortuneless gentleman who marries a rich wife; becomes jealous of her intimacy with a young unmarried ecclesiastic who frequents her house; leaving her, in his jealousy, meets by accident a pretty girl whom he attempts in vain to make his mistress, and marries, with a precaution as to his name designed to prevent his identification; lives happily with his second wife, but is forced by want of money to revisit the first; meets her in the presence of guests, and is plainly repulsed by her (she having been made aware of his bigamy); on the guests leaving them, is so severely threatened by her that during the night he escapes from his bed-room, flies, and is missed when a servant goes to call him. From this point the story, in each of the three cases, follows the fate of the first wife, who is examined and put on trial for murder; is nearly convicted by the false testimony of a female servant; is saved by proof, through the co-operation of the second wife, that the husband is still alive, whereby the false servant is shown to be deserving of punishment for another crime; and, finally, is acquitted, fully exonerated from all blame. So far the events and their sequence have been the same in each, and only in the "winding-up" process do they differ. In *The Frenchman*, the husband lives in seclusion, the first wife dies, the second marries again and has many children; in *Brother Griffith's Story*, the first wife lives in seclusion, the husband living abroad with the second; in *Griffith Gaunt*, the husband lives again with the first wife, the second marries again and has nine children—which exhausts the possibilities of disposal. In each of the three the ecclesiastical apple of discord quietly subsides into retirement.

It is difficult to know what to call this remarkable resemblance of Mr. Reade's Masterpiece to one story printed ten years and to another printed seven years before it, for the reason that the writer of the Masterpiece would probably assert that any "statement . . . which accuses me [Mr. Reade] of a 'literary larceny' is a deliberate, intentional falsehood," and would pronounce its author a "beast." It is, perhaps, as unnecessary for us to characterize it as for the most unobservant of novel gormandizers to do more than read the three stories in succession, remembering the dates of their appearance, to discover it for himself. Mr. Reade having denied that *Griffith Gaunt* was the work of another, there remains to him but one possible way of escape, and that but a partial escape, from a very grave conclusion; that way is, to suppose that Mr. Reade wrote the article in *Household Words* in 1856. But a reader of that article will find it difficult to accept any such theory, for the reason that its style differs as much from Mr. Reade's as Mr. Reade's from Tupper's; it is dry, dull, insipid to a degree, totally destitute of the brilliant characterizations that mark all Mr. Reade's writings, and resembles a police report rather than a magazine article. But whoever wrote that, Mr. Reade is certainly not Wilkie Collins; and *Griffith Gaunt* is based upon both, containing every striking feature of either, and borrowing from each numerous details which do not appear in the other, making its plagiarist—if it be a plagiarist—a double one. Thus, *Griffith Gaunt* and *The Frenchman*—but not Collins's story—are minutely identical in the hero's marrying under a changed, a quasi family, name; in his sinking by his marriage to the condition of a peasant; in his household being forewarned of

asked the meaning of the insolent reception she had given him.

"Go ask your wife," she replied.

"Of course, her husband stoutly denied everything; but he could not convince her. They had high words together; and at length she was overheard to say:

"You shall learn what it is to offer such an insult to a woman like me."

his return by a peasant who had previously known him; in the scene at the dinner party; and in such minor suggestions as the hero's horse going lame, the dragging of water for his body, and his use of a written document to prove his existence, from fear of arrest if he presented himself. In *Griffith Gaunt* and *Brother Griffith's Story*—but not in *The Frenchman*—are the passionate temper of the husband and the lack of congenial tastes between him and his wife; the quarrel between man and wife in the presence of the priest; the revengeful servant maid (a favorite character with Collins), whom the mistress (the first wife) strives to propitiate by gifts of clothing; the servant listening at the door; the circumstantial evidence of the husband's death; the fainting of the real wife; the sympathetic lawyer and magistrate; the interview of the first wife's emissary with the second wife; the employment of the priest's housekeeper as go-between by the innocent wife; and the visit of the latter to the priest's house. In fine, from the time of Griffith's marriage to Kate to the conclusion of the trial, the only essential features peculiar to *Griffith Gaunt* are Ryder's love of Griffith, and the personal resemblance between Griffith and Thomas Leicester, his bastard brother; and the introduction of these serves to do away with—if it was not intended to meet—notably weak places in the construction of the two other versions of the plot. It is to be noted that it is only within these limits—from the time of the marriage to the close of the trial—that the construction of *Griffith Gaunt* has escaped censure from its most favorable critics; what precedes and what follows have been nearly unanimously pronounced artistically false. *The Athenæum* thinks that the whole earlier portions "are too long-drawn-out; but after the two [Kate and Griffith] are once married the action moves forward directly, forcibly, inexorably. . . . The extrication of Mrs. Gaunt has been naturally devised by Mr. Reade [sic]. From this point his story breaks down." *The Spectator*, otherwise highly eulogistic, pronounces that "George Neville is a blot on the book. He is just the man who would never have married the betrayed wife of his own former rival. Her happiness is a defect in art." Even *The Atlantic* says that after the trial "it is not art. It is because of the splendid élan in all Mr. Reade writes that in his failure he does not fall flat upon the compassion of his reader. . . . But if the conclusion of the fiction is weak, how great is it in every other part!" The verdict, then, of Mr. Reade's admirers is that the merit of his tale is comprised within that portion of it which he has appropriated from previous writers, and that as soon as he attempts to stand alone, he fails notably.

Such is a famous author's "masterpiece" which is "an ambitious story," "is not a boatful of pap," and for which "I [Mr. Reade] am not paid the price of pap;" whose writer holds generally that his critics "are our inferiors in the great, profound, and difficult art of writing," and "could not write my [Mr. Reade's] smallest chapter to save their carcasses from the gallows, and their souls from premature damnation;" between whom and his publishers "nothing is ever discussed . . . except the bulk and the price. The price is sometimes a high one; but always a fair one, founded on my sales. If he has not the courage to pay for it, all the worse for him. If he has, the bargain is signed; and then, and not till then, he sees the copy." The full magnitude of Mr. Reade's vanity and bravado only becomes appreciable as we here behold him standing upon a powder magazine of his own erection and hurling at random the fiery darts of

his indignation at all who question his eminence, regardless of the power for his own destruction slumbering below. Such temerity seems almost incomprehensible; yet the chances of detection were but remote, and perhaps there may all along have been a plan for pooh-poohing it should it occur. A ten-year old article, in itself a poor one, in *Household Words*, was likely to be generally as unknown as if it had never been written; the same was the case with one of Mr. Collins's innumerable earlier efforts, which compares so unfavorably with his mature writings that his admirers would never be disposed to revive it, and, if they were, might be readily silenced by a hint of the exposure of its similitude to the story Mr. Reade knew so well. In at least one other of his most popular books, Mr. Reade has similarly repeated the creations—presumably forgotten—of a man long dead. In facts such as these, which are within reach of all who choose to examine them, the critics who cannot discern impurity in *Griffith Gaunt*, can hardly fail to find cause for offense of a—to them—much less venial description. They are debarred from urging in its author's behalf, what was once maintained in contravention of Edgar Poe, that there is and can be no such thing as plagiarism; for Mr. Reade has always been vehement and conspicuous in objugating piracy and in demanding the greatest sanctity for an author's right to his own work, and even now wants an act of Parliament to prohibit playwrights from adapting French dramas for the English stage. Yet this severe literary moralist, unless some inconceivable explanation be offered, stands detected in one of the most deliberate and unpardonable crimes known in literature.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Sunnybank. By Marion Harland. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1866. Pp. 415.—This work is undertaken and executed in the same conscientious and painstaking spirit which characterized the author's earlier productions. With a simple love story she has interwoven an interesting portraiture of the trials experienced by those who bore the burden of the severe conflict from which this country has recently emerged; and she has so far succeeded in rendering justice to the heroic devotion displayed on both sides, as to satisfy the reader that she has endeavored to prevent any partisan spirit from warping her judgment or tinging her writings with bitterness or extravagance. The incidents are narrated in the form of a double journal, or series of letters, Eleanor and Agatha furnishing alternate chapters, and each taking up the thread of the story in such a manner that the interest is maintained throughout without flagging. Two days after the fall of Sumter, Eleanor, a staunch Unionist, writes from Richmond:

"On Saturday, the 14th of April, the end came! I had promised to walk with Harry, and, equipped for the excursion, was entering the parlor, where he awaited me, when the breathless calm that had brooded over the city for twenty-four hours past was broken by the sullen roar of a cannon. Another and another followed.

"Seven! I exclaimed, sick and shuddering. The signal was unexpected, but I interpreted the dread significance of the number of the revolted states. Harry caught my hands and led me to the sofa.

"It must be true, dearest! The fort has fallen!" Then he dropped his head upon the arm of the sofa and was mute. I knelt before him, praying him to be comforted, but my own spirit was bowed to the lowest dust. While I spoke words of hope and resignation to him, my rebellious heart was crying out, 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?'

"Poor trembling darling," Harry said presently, lifting a countenance pale indeed, but steadfast and even smiling, as he addressed me; 'I ought to be ashamed of myself for failing you at this moment. We will be courageous now, love. Will you wait for me here while I go out to learn the worst?'

"I will go with you," I answered, and in two minutes more we were in the open air.

"The scene there presented will be with me while life remains. The street was alive with people. Secession flags blossomed in rank luxuriance in windows and from roofs, were waved from doors and porches by girls and women, carried aloft in mad exultation by boys along the sidewalks, hung upon lamp-posts, and stretched from side to side of the thoroughfares. Joy, intoxicating and unbounded—riotous delight—was manifested everywhere by all classes. Staid citizens threw up their hats and hurrahed that Sumter had fallen, and ladies, elegantly dressed and refined in feature and carriage, sounded the same refrain from balconies of stately dwellings. It was a carnival scene—bewildering, exciting, frantic."

Somewhat later in the story, Agatha's letter tells of a "raid" made by some Union soldiers on the residence of Mr. Lacy. She describes the colonel as "a coarse-fea-

tured man, flashy as to uniform, impudent in bearing, and two-thirds drunk."

"The airs that brute gave himself that forenoon were ludicrous and disgusting beyond any description I can offer. When the sun got round to the porch he retreated to the parlor, where he held his court until dinner was announced, smoking, drinking, and talking with the choice spirits he had convened about him. Mr. Lacy had ordered us above stairs before this invasion of the interior; but from the upper landing I had a tolerable view of all that passed below, both within and outside of the house. While the commanding officer recreated himself in the drawing-room, plunder and rollicking were the order of the hour in lawn, orchard, meat-house, and servants' quarters. Some of the incidents which I observed from my look-out were pitiful—more amusing. Each of the larger or family quarters had a small garden and hen-house at the rear, kept, under Mr. Lacy's strict rules, in good order, and yielding in many instances a considerable revenue to the owners thereof—the village offering a market for eggs, chickens, sweet potatoes, ground peas (which benighted Yankees call pea-nuts), and the like. These petty domains the so-called deliverers of the oppressed race took especial delight in ravaging. Dusky faces grew grim, many tearful, as the necks of their pet poultry were wrung by the score, and their pigs squealed their last under the knives of the Yankee butchers."

That this book will fail to satisfy the intellectual taste of many of our readers must be obvious; the style is faulty, and there is occasionally a disregard for grammatical rules scarcely pardonable in an experienced writer. It is certainly incompatible with the culture claimed for Eleanor that she should say "When Harry was through," in the sense of "when Harry had finished." But while it is impossible to accord the author of *Sunnybank* a place among the first female novelists of the day, we cheerfully acknowledge that she appeals to a very large class of society by omitting all that runs counter to its prejudices, and by carefully avoiding the strongly sensational scenes of crime and passion which render the writings of some women obnoxious to censure. To this her popularity is mainly attributable. The work is produced in a tasteful manner which reflects credit on the publishers.

Kissing the Rod: A Novel. By Edmund Yates. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. Pp. 160.—There are so many instances among popular writers in which an author's finest efforts, and those upon which his fame is destined mainly to rest, are expended upon his earlier productions, that we deem it a hopeful sign of one who has passed the experimental period, when his latest work is in advance of that which preceded. In no instance is this more manifest than in the superiority of the book before us over *Land at Last*. Without being sensational Mr. Yates has succeeded in investing a rather commonplace story with more than ordinary interest, awakening the reader's warmest sympathies and riveting his attention to the close. The absence of creative power is almost atoned for by keen perception and skill in the delineation of individual character, fidelity in the portraiture of scenes studied from life, and a refined taste which never permits his most luxurious descriptions to border upon sensuality.

Mr. Guyon, an unprincipled man of good family but slender means, is blessed with a very beautiful daughter, between whom and Mr. Gordon Frere—as a natural consequence of flirting, waltzing, singing, and riding together through an entire London season—a serious attachment springs up. Gordon sends a written proposal to Mr. Guyon for his daughter's hand, and incloses a letter for the lady, but as such a marriage would not suit the father's "book," he suppresses both letters and writes Gordon a reply which sends him abroad in a towering passion, while the lady is left lamenting his supposed desertion. About this time, one of Mr. Guyon's "transactions" in money matters affords him an introduction to Robert Streightley, whom Katharine flippantly calls a "city man," but one whose equal is scarcely to be found in or out of the city, a man in whom the solid virtues find favorable soil and culture, who, in the present day, the best and wisest of the land would gladly welcome to a place in their midst. Reared by his father in strict habits of industry, he evinced such intuitive sagacity and daring in the conduct of his business as to distance all competitors and achieve for himself a handsome fortune and an honorable reputation. This is evidently the author's favorite character; it is drawn with careful elaboration, clear and distinctive analysis of motive, and stands alone a complete and independent type of moral rectitude and self-abnegation.

The love of such a man is seldom wisely given. Unaccustomed to society, confiding in all matters which do not relate to business, dazzled by beauty and accomplishments which had hitherto found no place among his surroundings, he becomes the willing victim of an infatuation at once overwhelming and inevitable. The sterling

qualities of Robert Streightley are not those which appeal immediately to the beautiful, willful, and haughty Katharine. His passionate love and pure devotion meet no response, the quiet dignity of his suffering no appreciation, until her heart is purified by sorrow, and repentance comes too late. Of Mr. Guyon's reasons for urging the marriage, the following extract will afford the best idea:

"It's all nonsense thinking about love matches in these days; and, indeed, at any time I don't think they turned out well. Now, Kate, this is the real fact—if you don't marry Streightley, who is a first-rate fellow and immensely rich, and ready to do all sorts of generous and noble things in addition to giving me time to look about me until I can pay him the money I owe him, absolute ruin is staring me in the face, and you too. Don't speak, Kate; don't say anything in a hurry; and don't say I ask you to marry Streightley for my sake. But just listen to the alternative. Well, suppose that you determine not to accept Streightley—and remember, beautiful and admired as you are, he is the first man who has ever asked you to marry him, a pretty strong proof, I think, of the truth of my statement that men won't marry without money, especially if you take the trouble to count up the number of ugly heiresses married since you have been out, and to several of your own admirers, too—we all go to smash here. I must shift for myself the best way I can—get off abroad and escape imprisonment, though I can't escape disgrace—and never hope to show my face in England again. And as for you, Kate—don't think me hard or cruel; I must tell you the truth; I must tell you the whole truth, that you may know what you really reject or accept—I see nothing for you but becoming a companion to a lady, which, I take it, is the most infernal kind of white slavery going, or being dependent on the charity of Lady Henmarsh."

Mr. Guyon desisted for some time upon the disadvantages of refusal, then drew a highly-colored picture of the great good which should accrue from the proposed match.

"Mutual avoidance, something like mutual fear, was in the faces that looked at each other, and were so strangely like, now that the expression of each was one of its worst. With no enviable sensations, Mr. Guyon waited for Katharine to speak. She rose from her seat before she did so; then she said:

"Mr. Streightley does not imagine that I entertain any feeling of regard for him, I suppose?"

"This was a puzzling question, and Mr. Guyon allowed the embarrassment it caused him to be evident."

"Except as a friend of mine, and"—he stammered. "I understand," said Katharine, and she bent her head slowly and emphatically. "And he is willing to purchase me on those terms? It is well the bargain should be distinctly understood."

Hester Gould is an excellent sketch, which, had she been made of more importance, would have given power and variety to the story; and that Thacker, the Jew money-lender, is true to life, every one will acknowledge whose misfortunes have led to such acquaintance. To those who remember the highly gifted father of Mr. Yates, it must seem surprising that the son should be so utterly wanting in humor; this is a great drawback to the present book, which, though never dull, is sad and depressing.

The Sanctuary: A Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Nichols, author of The Story of the Great March. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have seldom read a story so vague and unsatisfactory as *The Sanctuary*. Characters so little individualized that one can scarcely remember to whom each name applies move hurriedly through scenes colorless as themselves, while each chapter reads like the preceding one, and each man talks like his interlocutor. Unless, indeed, there may be a negro on the scene on whom one's mind can rest with a positive feeling of relieved certainty as to who it is that is speaking, there is positively no break in this pervading monotony. It seems strange that such faults should be found in a tale when the action transpires amidst that most exciting and most romantic of histories, *Sherman's March to the Sea*, and, stranger still, that not Mr. Nichols alone, but nearly all the writers who have essayed to embody in fiction the suffering and the heroism of the war have so signally failed. Lever made the incidents of the peninsula campaigns seem near and familiar to us, and *Charles O'Malley and Tom Burke of Ours* live in our memories like old friends. Truly, Lever had a great advantage in carrying his reader to a foreign land, thus gaining variety and picturesque coloring; but surely the southern country is not altogether commonplace. Perhaps the events are not yet sufficiently distant to permit that slight haziness and obscurity of atmosphere without which a novel, or a painting, is harsh and false as a whole, however true each detail may be. Truth to the type, not to the individual, is truest art. However, it is ridiculous to talk of art in connection with this attempt of Mr. Nichols, who has thrown together some feeble sketches and assumed that they constitute a story, forgetting that while a writer may have seen in reality, or imagined ever so vividly, all he describes, he

may be utterly wanting in the power to reproduce it to his reader's mind, and thus can only occasion by the effort a species of confused weariness such as will inevitably follow upon reading *The Sanctuary*.

Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.—This is a beautiful little edition in blue and gold of the poems of an authoress who is certainly as warmly appreciated in America as at home. Her own earnest face is *vis-a-vis* with the title-page, and the fact that this edition is authorized by Miss Ingelow herself will, or should, induce many to purchase it in preference to others. In these days of equivocal poetry it is a satisfaction to be able to recommend a writer who possesses the talents which bring popularity without feeling the need or betraying the desire for illicit topics or illicit handling which properly exclude books from the drawing-room or the fireside. Roberts Brothers' publications are always set before the public in sterling and graceful fashion, and this delicate little volume forms no exception to their commendable rule.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—Daziel's Fine Art Gift-Book, Wayside Posies. Edited by Robert Buchanan. Pp. 91. 1867.
 Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. Edited by Edmund Routledge. Pp. 772. 1867.
 Hans Christian Andersen's Stories for the Household. 230 illustrations. Pp. 787. 1866.
 The Child's Colored Gift-Book. 1867.
 Quotations from Shakespeare. By Edmund Routledge. Pp. 175. 1867.
 Our Workshop. Profusely illustrated. Pp. 196. 1866.
 Minnie's Legacy. By the author of Rose and Kate. Pp. 156. 1867.
 Neighborly Love. Edited by Lady Emily Pepys. Pp. 157. 1867.
 Rough Diamonds. By John Hollingshead. Pp. 146. 1867.
 Merry Conceits. By Charles H. Ross. Pp. 62. 1866.
 Last Words of Eminent Persons. Compiled by Jos. Kaines. Pp. 393. 1866.
 Rainbows in Springtide. Pp. 187. 1867.
 John Hartley. By Charlotte Adams. Pp. 251. 1867.
 Ernie Elton at Home and at School. By Mrs. Eiloart. Pp. 239, 248. 1867.
 Ernie Elton at School. By Mrs. Eiloart. Pp. 248. 1867.
 Tom and the Crocodiles. By Anne Bowman. Pp. 446. 1867.
 Johnny Jordan and his Dog. By Mrs. Eiloart. Pp. 333. 1867.
 The Medwins of Wykeham. By Charlotte Lankester. Pp. 259. 1867.
 Hollowell Grange. By George Manville Fenn. Pp. viii., 374. 1866.
 Paul Gerrard. By W. H. G. Kingston. Pp. 372. 1867.
 The Hans Andersen Library, containing 12 volumes: The Ice Maiden, The Marsh King's Daughter, The Silver Shilling, The Tinder-Box, The Wild Swans, The Goshes of Fortune, The Darning-Needle, The Little Match Girl, Everything in its Right Place, Under the Willow Tree, The Red Shoes, The Old Church Bell.
 H. B. DURAND, New York.—The Altar. By Right Rev. J. Henry Hobart, D.D. Pp. 89. 18 6.
 Steps to the Altar. By W. E. Scudamore. New edition. Pp. 149. 1866.
 The Parish Hand-Book. By Thomas Richey, D.D. Pp. 53. 1866.
 The Churchman's Companion in the Closet. Edited by Francis E. Paget, M.A. Pp. 327. 1866.
 The Two Sisters. Pp. 298. 1866.
 IYSON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., New York.—Christian Ethics. By Joseph Alden. Pp. 170. 1866.
 Outlines of Object Teaching. By W. N. Hailman. Pp. 161. 1867.
 DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—The Parlor Stage. By S. Annie Frost. Pp. 368.
 The Play-Ground. Pp. 120.
 Martine's Hand-Book of Etiquette. Pp. 167.
 HENRY HOYT, Boston.—Child Life in Oregon. By Mrs. Florence Russell. Pp. 193.
 Charley Wheeler's Reward. By Mary Dwinell. Pp. 295.
 Stories from Life which the Chaplain Told. Pp. 317.
 NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—Climbing and Sliding. By the author of Katherine Morris. Pp. 239. 1866.
 T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Soldier's Orphans. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Pp. 330.
 AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—The History of the Huguenots. By W. C. Martyn. Pp. 528.
 LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Skirmishing. By the author of Who Breaks—Pays. Pp. 269. 1866.
 D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—A Treatise on Intrenchments. By Francis J. Lipplitt, Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.V., etc. Pp. 146. 1866.
 ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Pp. 313. 1867.
 CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—The Constitutional Convention. By John Alexander Jameson. Pp. 561. 1867.
 JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—Commentary on the Song of Solomon. By Rev. George Burrowes, D.D. Pp. 454. 1867.
 The Stars and the Angels. Pp. 358. 1867.
 GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—The Mediterranean Islands. By M. G. Sleeper. Pp. 278. 1867.
 The Two Sicilies. The same. Pp. 300. 1867.
 HARPER & BROS., New York.—Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals. By W. F. G. Shanks. Pp. 352. 1866.
 ALEX. STRAHAN, London and New York.—London Poems. By Robert Buchanan. Pp. 272. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

- HARPER & BROS., New York.—Sir Brook Fossebrooke. By Charles Lever. Pp. 202. 1866.
 W. C. & F. P. CHURCH, New York.—Archle Lovell. By Mrs. Edwards. Pp. 239. 1867.
 JOSEPH WALKER, Charleston.—The Jacket of Gray, and other Fugitive Poems. By Mrs. C. A. Ball. Pp. 29. 1866.
 LORING, Boston.—Lords and Ladies. Pp. 154. 1866.
 ————, New London.—A Reply to a Pamphlet issued by the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy in favor of League Island. Pp. 66. 1866.

We have also received current issues of the following periodicals: The (London) Art Journal; The Rebellion Record, Harper's Magazine, The Galaxy, The Catholic World, The Eclectic Magazine, The Sailor's Magazine—New York; The Atlantic Monthly, Our Young Folks—Boston; The Sargo Journal—Cincinnati.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE well-known private library of Mr. Peter Force, of Washington, is the subject of an interesting letter to *The Cincinnati Commercial*. Mr. Force's collection is

not only remarkable for its size, in which respect we believe no private libraries in the country surpass it, but it has a unique completeness in matters of American historical interest, to which special department of book-hunting Mr. Force, now seventy-five years of age, has devoted more than fifty years, visiting book-stores and private libraries throughout the Union, frequenting auctions, maintaining a correspondence with bibliopoles abroad, and empowering agents to buy for him. His collection has at length become so large as to be crowded with difficulty into five large rooms, and to have become the most important reliance of writers upon American history, who have been granted liberal access to it. Among its contents the writer to *The Commercial* enumerates "books of voyages, arctic, American, and universal; books of travel in the United States and South America; books of buccaneers, pirates, and 'flibustiers' (as our Gallic cousins call them); books of Puritan divinity and brain-racking controversial theology, by Norton, Cotton, and all the family of Mathers; books of Indian history, wars, and legends; books of early American law and legislation; books of American history, biography, and politics from the earliest printed to the most modern issues of the press; this library contains an immense assortment. The collection of pamphlets alone," he continues, "is amazing—comprising no less than thirty thousand different productions—and is richer in these sometimes 'unconsidered trifles,' but really vital and invaluable materials for political history, than any other library, private or public, in America. The collection of books and tracts relating to slavery and the negro race is the most complete known to exist—and I forgot to mention among the manuscripts that Mr. Force possesses two autograph journals of George Washington, one of which was kept during the famous and ill-fated Braddock's expedition in 1755." The large manuscript collection was chiefly gathered preparatory to the publication of Mr. Force's *American Archives*, which were to cover the history of the country from its discovery to the establishment of our government in 1789. Of this work nine folio volumes have appeared, while materials exist for from ten to fifteen more, their publication having been arrested by the misplaced economy of the government in withdrawing its support. It is stated that there is a probability that the government will become possessed, in what manner we do not know, of the entire collection and will place it in the Congressional Library. It would be a lasting calamity if such a national treasure house should be suffered, through that apathy which Congress usually evinces toward the international copyright and every other unpolitical interest, to pass under the hammer and be scattered as fine libraries are every day.

It has been known for some time that the Rev. C. C. Adams, of this city, was preparing from the private journal and correspondence of John J. Audubon a life of the naturalist. The journal is composed of twelve large folio volumes, and extends from 1812 to 1840, covering the periods of Audubon's southern and western explorations and his residence in Europe, whither he went to have executed (in Edinburgh) the plates for *The Birds of America*. The first volume is approaching completion, but it is not stated how many are to follow.

Mr. BANCROFT's last volume has given offense to a great many students of our Revolutionary history. Professor George W. Greene, a grandson of General Nathaniel Greene, has turned aside from the memoir of the general on which he has been engaged to prepare a pamphlet refuting Mr. Bancroft's assertions respecting him.

In our review of *Red Jacket*, last week, the types made us attribute the authorship of Colonel Stone's memoir to "Mrs. Stowe." Obviously, Mr. (Wm. L.) Stone was the writer. Mr. Stone has made a new translation of the *Memoirs and Letters of Madame Riedesel, relating to the War of American Independence and the Capture of the German Troops at Saratoga, 1777*. The only previous translation of this work, issued in 1827, has not only been out of print for many years, but, beside its inferior execution, omitted considerable portions of the original German edition, printed at Berlin in 1800. Mr. Stone is at present engaged in translating Max von Elking's edition of *The Life and Writings of General Riedesel*, printed at Berlin in 1856. This work relates chiefly to the campaign in Northern New York, and, beside the writer's personal journals, contains his correspondence, hitherto unpublished in English, with Washington, Burgoyne, Gates, and other public and military men of the day. Both works will be published by Mr. Munsell, of Albany, as portions of *Munsell's Series of Local American History*, a small number of large-paper copies being issued, as in the case of the former volumes of the series.

MISS HARRIET McEWEEN KIMBALL's *Hymns*, which

Messrs. Dutton & Co. announce, receive the highest commendation from Mr. Whittier, who says in a letter to the publishers:

"In the range of modern religious poetry I know of but few pieces more true and tender, more sweetly touched with the 'beauty of holiness,' than hers. . . . The Episcopal Church, of which she is a member, has produced in this country, notwithstanding such names as Crosswell, Doane, and Cox, no devotional poems which can be compared with hers for simple beauty, delicacy, and faithfulness to Christian experience."

THE Partington Club a few evenings since held in Brooklyn its first reception for the winter.

A NEW ENGLAND journal in congratulating its readers on the promise of *Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City*, a new work by the Country Parson, hopes to find in it "the same admirable sensibility which so interested us in *Rab and his Friends*!" Dr. Brown—"the author of *Rab and Friend*" another paper calls him—has entirely recovered, has resumed his practice in Edinburgh, and will probably be somewhat surprised if he happens to learn that the interminable writings of Mr. Boyd are, in America, popularly attributed to him.

THE new book by the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* which Mr. Dodd is about to publish—*The Draytons and the Davenants*—promises to equal the authoress's first works in popularity. The English civil wars and the partisans of King and Parliament must always be subjects of interest to Americans, and the writer is said to have presented them in her last work with remarkable dramatic power, relieved by graphic pictures of the domestic life of the period.

OF the gift books and holiday editions of the season, which have commenced their appearance, we shall speak more in detail next week than we are able to do at present. The handsomest single volume which we have yet seen is Mr. Wm. H. Appleton's sumptuously illustrated and bound edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*. With it is to be mentioned Mr. B. J. Lossing's *Book of the Hudson, from its Rise to its Fall*, published by Messrs. Virtue & Yonston in a finely printed volume, profusely illustrated with some 300 wood and steel engravings of the author's designs. The American News Company have issued a convenient and pretty cabinet edition, in fifteen volumes, of the British poets, daintily printed and illustrated, which ought to be generally appreciated. But the fullest list, and that which appeals to the most catholic taste, is that of Messrs. Routledge. Of their edition of Burns and their exquisite *Little Lays for Little Folks*, by far the most beautiful child's book we have ever seen, we have already spoken. Beside these is a very elegant volume of *Wayside Posies*, whose letter-press is made up of "original poems of the country life" selected and partly written by Robert Buchanan, while the pictures are engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, the whole mechanical execution being faultless. Among the thirty-odd other new volumes received from the same publishers is a set of twelve works by that inimitable writer for children, Hans Christian Andersen, lavishly illuminated in colors and adorned with some two hundred wood-cuts. Messrs. Routledge have made ample and most tasteful provision, in tales, gift books, and annuals, for children of every degree. Also in their list are a fac-simile reprint of the Shakespeare folio of 1623; *The Life and Works of M. L. Watson*, the sculptor, with photographic illustrations; and Wharton's *Wits and Beaux and Queens of Society*.

FOREIGN.

THE pugnacity of English men of letters is somewhat remarkable. Mr. Robert Buchanan, the poet, has just been represented, erroneously as it now appears, as engaged in two suits against his critics and editors, one against *The Westminster*, whose critic—who may be Mr. Coventry Patmore—charged Mr. Buchanan with "sycophancy" in dedicating his last volume of poems to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, of *The Athenæum*; the other against Mr. Bentley, proprietor of *Temple Bar*, who, becoming possessed "by some extraordinary means," Mr. Buchanan says, of some poems which he did not care to own, printed them over the author's name. In a letter to *The Athenæum*, Mr. Buchanan explains that the latter matter is satisfactorily adjusted, and that as to the former, after reflection, he has "left the assaulter to his dog's paradise, content that he should howl and rot there." Then Mr. Dickens has a suit against a theater manager, who so far resented a sharp article upon his theater in *All the Year Round*, which he supposed to be from Mr. Dickens's pen, that he retorted in terms displeasing to the novelist. Lastly, *The London Globe* having commented upon Mr. Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt* letter, that gentlemanly person writes charging it with "reviving and circulating a slander," and "he offers us (*The Globe*) three days in

which to read the work (*G. G.*), and to declare whether it is or is not indecent or immoral." *The Globe* intimates that it will review the book at its own convenience and in accordance with its own convictions—which is scarcely calculated to appease Mr. Reade's wrath or avert its outbreak.

THE Paris Exposition is to be made the occasion of a great work which will be entitled *Paris par ses Illustrations*. The writers who are named are Victor Hugo, Thiers, Michelet, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Roqueplan, Vacquerie, and George Sand. The drawings for the illustrations will be by artists of corresponding eminence.

A NEW issue of the Aldine edition of the British poets in fifty-two volumes is announced by Messrs. Bell & Daldy. Originally the editorship was little more than a sinecure, notwithstanding which the edition became a favorite, was eagerly sought for at sales, and was regarded as almost essential to any library which desired completeness in its poetical department. The new proprietors of the copy-right have had the text thoroughly revised, large additions made, and in many cases new lives of the poets substituted from the pens of gentlemen especially qualified for the task. This edition ought to become the standard one.

CHEAP editions of popular and standard works are being multiplied in England. The latest *Pilgrim's Progress*—of which, says *The Bookseller*, not a month passes without a new edition making its appearance—is 255 pages in thickness and is sold for twopence. Atlases containing ten well engraved maps are offered for the same price. A complete Shakespeare costs a shilling. Sixpenny editions of the *Waverley Novels* are announced in Edinburgh. But, as if to surpass all these in popularity, a complete *Don Quixote* has been printed in Spain, at Toledo, upon fifty-four cigarette wrappers.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's *London Poems* receive thus far but qualified praise. *The Reader* judges that "they are certainly above the ordinary run of crops of poems which are just now so plentiful, though it would be very difficult to say exactly in what their superiority consists. They paint no passion, and are filled with no imagery. They are tales in verse. Crabbe's subjects, or what might have been Crabbe's subjects without his ruggedness and homeliness; dealing as he does with humble life, outcasts, costermongers, and always with poverty." "In his attempts at fine writing," however, it thinks "Mr. Buchanan altogether fails," an example of which may be found in his description of a girl:

"A nature running o'er with ecstasy
Of very being, an appalling splendor
Of animal sensation, loveliness
Like to the dazzling panther's; yet withal
The gentle, willful, clinging sense of love,
Which makes a virgin's soul."

The Bookseller's opinion is substantially the same. "The joys and sorrows of commonplace life have found in Mr. Buchanan an eloquent interpreter; . . . but in saying Mr. Buchanan is eminently sincere and pathetic, we must not be understood to say that we consider him an eminent poet. . . . There is no tale in this volume that would not produce in us the same effect if it had been told in ordinary prose. . . . The sympathy Mr. Buchanan excited in us would be daily evoked, and is daily evoked, by police reports in the newspapers." The volume is published by Mr. Strahan, and has just appeared in this country.

PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL is preparing a volume of poems for publication.

MR. SOLON ROBINSON will publish in *The Weekly Tribune*, of which he is agricultural editor, *Me-won-i-toe*, a novel relating some of his personal experiences of frontier life.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP will soon complete his biography of his ancestor, Governor John Winthrop, by the publication of his second volume.

MR. WILLIAM GILLMORE SIMMS, who is preparing a school history of South Carolina, of which he has already written a general history, is said to be the most voluminous of all American writers past or present—we dare not add to come.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has sailed for Europe, where he will join Mr. Parke Godwin, who has spent the summer in France and Switzerland, and will soon return to this country. Mr. Bryant intends remaining abroad during the winter.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY's latest reported gifts are \$25,000 to Kenyon College, \$20,000 to the Maryland Historical Society, and \$150,000, together with \$20,000

for a house, to a niece. At the dinner given him in Baltimore, the persons present are said jointly to have been the owners of \$72,000,000. Mr. Peabody will soon return permanently to England.

MR. N. P. WILLIS has had a paralytic stroke, and, at the time we write, is understood to lie in a very critical condition.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND is devoting his time to a new poem, largely descriptive of the scenery of the Connecticut valley.

MR. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK is said to have accepted the literary editorship of a projected Wall Street financial paper.

MR. A. S. BARNES a few days since celebrated his silver wedding.

MR. JAMES PARTON is traveling in the West, as a preparation for a series of *Atlantic* articles. It is said that, at Mr. James Redpath's urgent request, he will soon commence an elaborate life of John Brown.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is engaged upon a novel for *The Atlantic*.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD is also writing a novel.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, who continues his lectures, is preparing his *Travels in Brazil*, which will be written in a popular strain and abundantly illustrated.

MR. R. W. EMERSON, whose new book of poems we have previously announced, will lecture this winter in the West.

PROFESSOR LOWELL, who is not writing a novel, as was reported in one of Mr. Tom Hughes's *Tribune* letters, is writing a series of prose and verse articles for *The Atlantic*. The editors of *Our Young Folks* intimate the hope that he may also be induced to contribute to that publication.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT is writing a volume of sketches suggested by her recent European tour.

MR. (or Admiral) RAPHAEL SEMMES, who lately abandoned the editorship of *The Mobile Gazette*, has had offered him and accepted the Professorship of Moral Philosophy and English Literature in the Louisiana State Seminary.

MR. HORACE GREELEY has gone to the West and will be absent until January.

MR. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN is writing articles on America for the London papers.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER is writing a story for *The New York Ledger*.

MRS. WHITNEY, author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, is about to write again.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH is writing a drama with Oliver Cromwell as one of its characters.

MR. JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, once editor of *The London Review*, has been to Spain to examine documents bearing upon the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* upon which he has been engaged for some seven years. Mr. Hepworth Dixon also contemplates writing a life of Raleigh.

THE REV. P. H. WADDELL, a Scotchman, is writing a life of Burns, having had access to all the correspondence and documents in possession of the family executors.

MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK, now Mrs. Craig, has nearly completed a new novel.

LORD LYTTON, better known as Sir E. B. Lytton, has nearly completed a new play, which will be produced in London about Christmas.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HURD & HOUGHTON announce *The Market Assistant*, by Thomas F. Devoe.

W. J. WIDDLETON announces for immediate publication *The Iliad of Homer*, translated into English accentuated hexameters, by Sir John F. W. Herschel; *The Aeneid of Virgil*, translated into English verse, by John Conington, Corpus professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.

JOHN PENNINGTON & SON will immediately publish *Father Tom and the Pope, or a Night at the Vatican*.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. announce Schenkel's *Characteristics of Jesus*, translated by Wm. H. Furness.

MURPHY & Co., of Baltimore, will soon issue *The Southern Poems of the War*, collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, who intends to devote its proceeds to the education of young women in the South.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. announce two new volumes of the *History of the Christian Church*, by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff; volumes 7 and 8 of the *History of England*, by James A. Froude, M.A.; *Studies in English*, by M. Schele

de Vere, LL.D.; *The Constitutional Convention*, by John A. Jameson; *Hopefully Waiting, and other Verses*, by Anson D. F. Randolph.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. announce *Hymns*, by Harriet McEwen Kimball; and, as children's books, *Ned Grant's Quest*, by the author of *Bertha Weissner's Wish*; *Miss Matty, or Our Youngest Passenger*; *Fannie and Robbie, a Year Book for Children of the Church*; *Frank Sterling's Choice*, by Maria H. Bulfinch; and *The Dark River, The Journey Home, and The Dark Mountain*, its sequel, allegories by the Rev. Edward Monro.

T. NELSON & SONS announce a new edition, without illustrations, of Professor Porter's *Giant Cities of Bashan*.

ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co. announce *The Sunday Magazine*, complete in one volume; and *London Poems*, by Robert Buchanan.

HILTON & Co. have in press *The Diamond Cross*, by W. Barnett Phillips, a prize story published serially in *The New York Herald*.

M. DOOLADY will soon publish *Joseph II. and his Court, and Henry VIII. and his Court, or Catharine Parr*, both by L. Mühlbach.

MR. CARLETON is about to issue *St. Elmo*, a novel, by Miss Augusta J. Evans.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT announce *The Protestant Galley Slave*; being the autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the galleys for the sake of his religion. Translated from the French.

HARPER & BROS. have nearly ready *Reading Without Tears*, Part II., by the author of *Streaks of Light, More about Jesus*, etc.; *Laboulaye's Fairy Book* (fairy tales of all nations), by Edward Laboulaye, member of the Institute of France, translated by Mary L. Booth, with engravings; *Madonna Mary*, a novel, by Mrs. Oliphant, author of *Agnes, Chronicles of Carlingford, Life of Edward Irving*, etc.; *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, by George MacDonald; *Cradock Nowell*, by R. D. Blackmore; *Dr. Osgood's Essays: American Leaves, Familiar Notes of Life and Character*, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.; Anthony Trollope's new novel, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce *Idalia*, by the author of *Chandos*; *Robert Severne*; *Heaven and Hell*, by E. Swedenborg; *Fuz-Buz, the Fly, and Mother Grabein, the Spider, an original Fairy Tale*; *Cameron Hall, a Story of the Civil War*; *Elements of Art Criticism*, by G. W. Samson, D.D.; *Watson's Astronomy*, by Professor James C. Watson; *Sloan's Domestic Architecture*; and *Physical Geography*, by Professor D. T. Ansted.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have in press *Winter Nights with the Young Folks*, by Edmund Kirke.

MR. FORSYTHE WILLSON has in press *The Old Sergeant and other Poems*.

TICKNOR & FIELDS announce Professor Stowe's work entitled *On the Origin and History of the Books of the Bible*; what the Bible is not, what it is, and how it is.

CLARKE & Co., of Chicago, will soon publish *The History of Abraham Lincoln, and the Overthrow of Slavery*, by Hon. Isaac N. Arnold.

MR. J. B. KIRKER announces a holiday edition of *Savage's Poems*.

MESSRS. WILLIAM & ROBERT CHAMBERS are about to publish the ninth and concluding volume of *Chambers's Encyclopedia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your article on Gillmore Simms's *Poetry of the South during the War*, in this week's paper, you quote one poem entire, with the remark that the author has done "himself, or possibly herself in this instance, full justice in this touching poem."

Permit me to say that the poem is not of southern origin at all. It originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, May 18, 1861, and was written by a resident of Albion, New York. There are a number of verbal alterations in the version quoted by you, the most important being in the first two lines of the sixth stanza, which were originally printed—

"Dear mother, you know how these traitors are crowing;
They trample the folds of our flag in the dust!"—

a very different sentiment, by the way, from the reading Mr. Simms has adopted. Respectfully yours, O. VON K.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you inform me if Miss Pardoe, the author of *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*, has edited any other work; or yet farther, are you able to refer me to a biographical sketch? The most succinct explanation will be gratefully received. Z. B. T. N.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., October 22, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, perhaps, will furnish "Bibliothecario" with the information he asks for, in a recent number of your paper, concerning the Vicar of Bray. A note to the latest English edition (Frederick Warne, 1866) by the author's son, Hon. E. Disraeli, adds: "His name was Simon Symonds. The popular ballad absurdly exaggerates his deeds and gives them undue amplitude. It is not older than the last century, and is printed in Ritson's *English Songs*."

The same work, in the article on *Similarities of Authors*, affords a hint which I commend to the attention of your readers. If each would but contribute such coincidences of thought and expression as fall under his own eye, your *Notes and Queries* would speedily be enriched with a valuable and entertaining addition to the *Curiosities of Literature*. Very truly, D. A. C.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of the 10th, in mentioning Simms's new volume, *Poetry of the South*, you quote a little poem, *Enlisted To-day*. If I am not mistaken, this poem was first published in *Harper's Weekly*, in 1861. About that time I was informed by a young lady that a friend of hers, a student in one of the schools at Albion, in this state, was the authoress.

Yours, C. C. B.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Would you be so kind as to tell me, through the columns of your paper, of any books that give a good account of travels in Europe—particularly those which relate to England, France, and Germany—and works of the character a man who purposes taking a trip across the water would desire to read?

Very truly yours, J. F. R.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14, 1866.

Mr. W. P. Petridge has prepared a *Hand-book of Europe*, which is the only American work with which we are acquainted likely to be of much assistance to a tourist. It is published by Harper & Bros. Murray's guide-books, which can probably be procured of any importer, are, however, almost a *sine qua non* to European travelers, and are constantly kept up to date by additions and corrections.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can the critics of *THE ROUND TABLE* inform an anxious inquirer whether Thackeray ever wrote a book entitled the *Irish Sketch Book*?

A work with that title is published by Peterson, of Philadelphia. It is a bulky, paper-covered volume, cheaply got up with poor paper and types and very shabby wood-cuts, and bears Thackeray's name as its passport to public favor. H.

TRENTON, N. J.

The *Irish Sketch Book* was one of Thackeray's earlier works, published as "by Michael Angelo Titmarsh," and illustrated by himself. His admirers would generally be willing to have it forgotten.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: "Melanie" wishes to know the origin of "Reverends a nos moutons." It is to be found, I think, in Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, in the famous chapter on *Les Moutons de Panurge*. Your obedient servant, A. AUSTEN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Which of the two words *carom* or *canon* is correct when used in connection with the game of billiards? and please to give me the meaning of both words, and oblige, J. M. C.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1866.

Carrom (not *carom*) is the term universally used by Americans; *canon* as universally by Englishmen. If our memory serves us, a lengthy disquisition upon the subject occurs in Phelan's book on billiards.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Will you or any of your readers give me some information on the Darwinian Theory, which, in my present position, I cannot otherwise obtain?

Does Mr. Darwin account for man's spiritual development as for his natural, by the "natural law" working through past ages? If so, what could have been the nature of the lost connecting links between the simplest forms of being (as mineral life) and man's present complicated spiritual existence? If not—that is, if man's spiritual existence is distinct from his natural existence, and is not produced by this "natural law"—how can Mr. Darwin reject the special intervention of Deity? Respectfully yours, H. L. H.

U. S. M. A., WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1866.

Queries affording such magnificent capabilities for lengthy reply are scarcely within the scope of this department. In *The Atlantic* for October our correspondent may find an explanation of the nature of the Darwinian theory, and a more lengthy one appeared not very long ago in an English periodical—in one of the reprinted quarterlies, if our memory serves us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I have just read a novel published last year by Carleton, entitled *Jargal* and purporting to be written by Victor Hugo. In the course of my perusal I discovered in the book not one of the peculiar characteristics of the author of *Les Misérables* and *The Toilers of the Sea*, and it has occurred to me that Hugo never wrote it. It is certainly a very inferior and commonplace production for such a brain. I have never seen a criticism of the work and would like to know your opinion of it and of the authenticity of the name attached to the title-page. Yours, etc., S. N. D. N.

Nov. 17, 1866.

Jargal, as the author states (or appears to) in his preface, was written by Victor Hugo at the age of fourteen; which is sufficient to account for its inferiority in style to his maturer works.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 64.

SATURDAY, NOV. 24.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE,
WHY WE HAVE NO SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS,
DRUNKENNESS AMONG WOMEN,
FOREIGN QUACKS, ABORTIVE ASTROLOGY,
MR. G. WASHINGTON MOON'S CRITICISM.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

SWINBURNE'S IMMORALITY.

REVIEWS:

MR. WHITTIER'S PROSE, RED JACKET,
UTTERLY WRECKED, OUTPOST,
THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, THE TEMPORAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST, BULBS.

MISCELLANEA.

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PERSONAL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

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Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.—*Childe Harold*.
- Melodies of Morn (Vignette).—*Beattie*.
- Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn.
—*Wilson*.
- Aboard the Phaeton Frigate, off the Azores,
By moonlight.—*Moore*.
- Winter Woods.—*Cosper*.
- Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain.—*Gray*.
- Of did the harvest to their sickle yield.—*Gray*.
- Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.—*Gray*.
- There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
Llewellyn Hall—Human Life.—*Rogers*.
- "Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this."—*Byron*.
- The Water Lily.—*Mrs. Hemans*.
- The Winter Evening.—*Couper*.
- "Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree."
—*Goldsmith*.
- "—yon widow'd, solitary thing."—*Goldsmith*.
- "He drives his flocks."—*Goldsmith*.
- "Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the sail."
—*Goldsmith*.
- To Mary in Heaven.—*Burns*.
- "Fair Land! thee all men greet with joy."
—*Wordsworth*.
- A Farewell.—*Tennyson*.
- "The way was long, the wind was cold."—*Scott*.
- L'Allegro.—*Milton*.
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Healing the Lamer.
Storm at Sea.
"Help, Lord! or we perish."
Christ stilling the Storm.
"Clothed, and in his right mind."
"Why stand ye idle here?"
Parable of the Sower.
Healing the Blind Man.
"Captive, restrain, bound, reviled."
Madonna de San Sisto.
"That watch'd thy slumbering infancy."
The multitude fed.
"To Thee the lions, roaring, call."
"Then took they up the stones to cast at Him."
"Upraised to Heaven his languid eye."
"With trumpet sound."
The Crucifixion.
Magda en at the Foot of the Cross.
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